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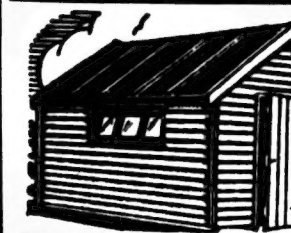
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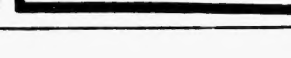
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Killing the SHOPKEEPER

The trade para-
sites are de-
vouring the
shopkeeper's
profits

wholesaler also, but what do you care if you have bought your stuff for something approaching "a third off"?

That is exactly how things are being worked not only in Government Departments but in thousands of offices, factories and workshops where the numbers of employees make it worth while. Half the municipal office staffs who charge their shopkeepers rates do their trading like this.

The "Guild" is different in the sense that it is organised and that its accounts are open to inspection by the members.

THERE are not the same opportunities for individual gain, but the effect on the buyer and the shopkeeper is the same.

"Guilds" work in two ways. Some of them buy direct from wholesalers and thereby reap an enormous advantage for their members and for the friends of members for whom the members buy. Others make a deal with a local retailer to the effect that if all the purchases in his particular line are made from him he will give an agreed discount percentage.

The latter is the familiar "club" system, representative of a communal and co-operative plan that has existed for many years and which is based on the old business method of contract for an approximate quantity of goods to be supplied at certain prices.

The shopkeepers can't say much against that, because, after all, they have the chance to compete on profitable terms.

The great new menace they have to meet is that represented by the salaried man who, in his rôle of "price-cutter," uses his employer's office with or without permission.

He has no establishment charges to meet, does not even pay income-tax on his trading profits (because they are practically impossible to trace), and, because he has not to meet these obligations, is able to retail on just a tiny margin.

The plain fact is that recently there has sprung up a great army of "amateur shopkeepers" who keep no shops. It is difficult to blame their customers who get what they want and at the same time save money. But it is hard luck on the shopkeepers who do keep shops but who don't keep their trade.

WHAT is to be done about it? No one quite knows yet.

But there the situation is, and the little man as well as the big men descendants of those who gave this country the name of "A Nation of Shopkeepers" are having to face up to the threat of non-shopkeepers who nevertheless sell goods in ever-increasing quantities.

Let us have lower prices by all means, but is this the right way to get them?

The hard-hit shopkeeper says, "Live and let live." And many will agree that he is justified in saying it, whatever advantages this new system of amateur shopkeeping may bring.

HUNDREDS of thousands of people in this country are making purchases day by day, week by week, and month by month of a multitude of things ranging from a packet of cigarettes to a suite of furniture at prices far below those at which a shopkeeper can supply them.

If they want an ounce of tobacco, a piano, a wireless set or a perambulator they do not go to a retailer to buy.

They may be members of a "Guild" or a "Club," but it really doesn't matter whether they are or not as long as they know somebody else who is. Then they get what they want at wholesale prices—plus just a little something for the man or woman who put them in the way of it.

They say "Why not?" But the shopkeeper who sees his business slipping away from him says something vastly different.

The one gets what he wants cheaply; the other, who pays for the upkeep of his shop—rent, rates, taxes, wages and so on—gets nothing on what he doesn't sell.

Which is right?

That is a question which will have to be fought out much sooner than later.

MEANWHILE, it is instructive to examine a development which began to take a lively turn just after the war, and now has assumed such gigantic proportions that it is threatening to upset the whole system of retail trading.

Would you like to buy for 10½d. something that is sold by a shopkeeper for 1s.? Of course you would, especially if you are a heavy consumer.

Well, you can do it quite easily, and the easiest way you can do it is by "establishing contact" with somebody in a Government Department.

It is against all Civil Service rules, of course, and just a few people have been rapped over the knuckles for arranging it. But not very hard. And the system grows and grows.

Take the case of tobacco and cigarettes.

This is a much simpler thing than the establishment of a "Guild," because a man has only to take out a tobacco licence, give his home address, and then get his supplies.

Then he takes those supplies along to the office in which he is employed, stacks them in a convenient place, tells his "scouts" to pass the word along, and there are his customers!

He can afford to sell at "cut" rates. No rent, no lighting, no overheads! In other words, "Easy money." And it is being made in sums totalling thousands of pounds a week.

THE usual procedure with this form of business is to create a "regular connection."

That is, other members of the staff give a continuing order for so many packets of cigarettes or so many ounces of tobacco a week.

A profit of £3 or £4 a week for a Civil Service "dealer," who, of course, is drawing his Civil Service salary, is by no means an unusual thing.

Then there are the canteens. Chocolate, soap, shaving equipment, perfumes, proprietary tinned and bottled preparations—a score of things—are sold at "cut" rates. Only to the staff. But a member of the staff can get twenty times more than he needs, and therefore twenty of his friend reap the benefit.

Meet the "Agent." It will not be at all difficult to get in touch with him.

His is a rather different line of business. You want . . . well, whatever you like. A wireless set perhaps, or a carpet, or a bedstead, or even a motor-car. If he has the time to spare he will take you to a wholesaler or a dealer, or if he is busy he will give you a written introduction.

Whichever way it is, you will get what you want at something near wholesale price—with a small percentage of commission added. Probably the "Agent" gets a little rake-off from the

Magistrates Who Don't Do their Job

TIME and again JOHN BULL has received information that the police have found that magistrates would not sit on the Bench when criminals of a certain type were due to be brought up for preliminary proceedings.

It was said in these cases that they feared violence or business injury from friends of the prisoners.

The astonishing charge has now been made that in Liverpool certain justices invariably hear cases of a particular kind, and that in recent prosecutions a large number refused to serve in court.

Shirking their job

In fairness to them, we would make it clear that we have reason to believe their refusals were not prompted by fear of personal revenge or political bias.

It was known that the police court proceedings would be long and these magistrates did not want to give the necessary time to them.

But a magistracy which does not function competently because of possible inconvenience to its members or because the work clashes with their private interests cannot be tolerated.

Nor can we tolerate some of the slipshod justice that is all too frequently meted out.

Ferocious sentence

"This is a most serious offence and against all order."

With these words ringing in his ears a man was given three months' hard labour by the Worksop justices a few days ago. They also ordered that he be kept in jail for six months if he did not provide a substantial money surety to be of good behaviour.

He had been in trouble previously for poaching, and this time he had killed a pheasant on the Duke of Portland's estate!

At the same court on the same day the same magistrates merely bound over a man found guilty of indecently assaulting a fifteen-year-old girl.

The remedy

There is now so much slipshod justice in consequence of the system of appointing justices for their local political activities that revision of the Lord Chancellor's responsibility must be made.

Local authorities have the power to ask for the appointment of stipendiaries—men trained to weigh evidence and free from prejudice.

Few do so. They abstain ostensibly because the reform would be "expensive." In reality, too many members of local councils do not entertain the idea simply because it might foil their ambitions to be justices themselves.

Yet the cost of a stipendiary to a borough or a county area is negligible. And what should surely come first is complete public confidence that justice is done.

Freedom for alien wives

We congratulate the Home Secretary on giving justice at long last to the "alien wives."

Recently we described the plight of those British women, who, marrying foreigners and losing their privileges as British citizens, were compelled to register as aliens and to notify all changes of address to the police. We called for instant action to end this intolerable treatment.

That action has been taken. The Home Secretary has given orders that these women shall no longer be subject to such irritating restrictions.

Let them die!

"Leave them to die!" sums up the attitude of most local authorities to people who are badly injured in road accidents.

The latest case comes from Walsall,



where an unconscious man was left lying in the road for an hour and a half.

A doctor who telephoned to Walsall Hospital was told that as the man was lying just outside the borough boundary the ambulance couldn't be sent unless someone guaranteed a fee of a shilling a mile. Another urgent SOS met with a similar reply.

Officialdom's worst

Eventually the police secured an ambulance from five miles away.

As we have often proved, such cases are not uncommon. Most local councils have made a similar rule, and we can't imagine a more callous one.

But presumably nothing will be done until a few councillors are knocked down and left lying in the road for an hour or two.

Ironies of life

Holders of South African gold-mining shares are making fortunes without raising a finger.

Because South Africa has left the gold standard, mining profits will be doubled or trebled in many cases. The lucky shareholders can either sell out at the rapidly rising prices or wait for the big dividends. Life may be a gamble, but not so much so as the Stock Exchange.

Lucky grouse

People who hold 5 per cent. Treasury Bonds, 1933-35, are grouse because the Government has paid them off at the earliest possible date and given them no chance to convert into a lower-interest stock.

But they knew the terms of the loan and are lucky to get cent. for cent. when other Governments just repudiate their debts if they find it difficult to pay.

Oily seas

On a single day last week 200 birds were found dead and hundreds dying on the beach near Dungeness, Kent.

Their wings had been clogged by oil discharged from passing steamers and, unable to fly, they could only wait for death from starvation.

Such tragedies are frequent, so it is good news that an Oil Pollution Bill is to be introduced into Parliament.

It will make compulsory the equipment of British ships with oil separators, so that they discharge only water into the sea. We trust it will meet with no opposition.

Sacrifice of mothers

Thirty thousand women between the ages of 25 and 35 die in childbirth every

Road Victims Left to Die 250 More Years of Slums!

year. Yet the Government seems to have shelved the recommendations of the Commission on Maternal Mortality, which reported last August.

Dr. Esther Rickards, the woman surgeon, has just told a Manchester audience that "it is criminal to go on sacrificing the lives of mothers because of economy."

The Government may call it "economy," but it isn't.

Higher wages—why not?

We hope there will be no more attempts to cut the wages of farm workers, provincial printers and others. Far better for the country if the wages of the poorly paid were raised.

What the Government and some employers have yet to realise is that lower wages can only result in less trade and therefore less employment.

Fortunately, feeling against this dangerous form of false economy is rapidly growing. That is proved by the vast support given to the *Daily Herald's* campaign against wage-cuts.

Follow on!

It is proved, too, by the action of the Welsh tinplate employers. On their own initiative they have rescinded a decision to stop the payment of a bonus to the lower paid men in the industry.

So thousands of men and youths will not have their wages reduced, despite the sliding scale agreed on by owners and employees. In effect, therefore, they will be slightly better paid. This is a noteworthy lead to other industries.

Slum sharks

Sir Austen Chamberlain has just attacked the "sharks who speculate in slum property." And he doubts if it is wise for local authorities to become small-house owners.

To some extent we share his doubts, for we have shown that some councils are the hardest of landlords.

But he must remember that the slums were nearly all brought into existence by private owners.

Looking ahead

Still, we welcome his appeal that the Government should be "a little more active" in dealing with the slum problem.

We should have said "a lot more active." For at the present rate of progress it will take 250 years to clear away our rotten housing areas.

But Mr. Baldwin said, we remember, that a few years don't count for much in the life of a nation.

Stout heart

Children in Salford were too terrified to move when a maddened horse dashed down upon them. Young men watched interestedly—and also stood still.

Mr. J. Davies, an unemployed middle-aged man, was made of sterner stuff. Though knocked aside once or twice, he finally managed to stop the runaway only a few feet from the children. Yet he has a weak heart and has been told to avoid excitement or strain!

Better have a weak heart than a faint one.

Valley of the shadow

One hundred children are seated daily in a school that might collapse at any moment.

It stands on the edge of a valley at Rhuddlan, Flintshire, and even a passing lorry could cause sufficient

vibration to bring the rotten building down in ruins.

The local education authority has decided to take "immediate action." We hope it is immediate.

And we hope that the countless other education committees that tolerate dangerous and unhealthy schools will also be jolted into belated activity.

A doctor's daughter

Dr. G. O. Parkin fought an epidemic of typhoid fever at Malton, Yorkshire, and died of the disease.

A few days ago his widow gave birth to a daughter who is the sister of a boy aged two.

There is a memorial fund for the education, and we hope it will really enough and to spare. But the keystones of the arch of their education will be the knowledge of a noble father who sacrificed his life and (what must have been more precious to him) his part of their future in answering his high call of duty.

Cheers for a burglar

Out of the barrenness of Dartmoor has come a lesson to those who think it right for a woman to be tied to a criminal.

A burglar sentenced to eight years, "The Moor" sent his wife evidence that enabled her to divorce him.

"He seems to have the bowels of compassion," said Mr. Justice Langton, allowing the decree to be made absolute in a shorter time than usual. And he does his lordship.

Cheap living

A young window-cleaner was summoned at Bromley, Kent, for deserting his wife. He said: "My wife does not want the cares of married life; she only wants money."

He offered 10s. a week and the Bench on which were two women magistrates made an order for 7s. 6d. a week.

Now where is the man who is prepared to stand up and say that he doesn't believe in "women's rights"?

Cheese-paring

An engine-driver, backed by his trade union, has just beaten the London and North Eastern Railway Company in the highest court of law—the House of Lords.

The driver met with an accident in railway hostel. A county court judge awarded him compensation. The company took the case to the Court of Appeal and lost again. Now it has finally lost.

And the compensation was 30s. week for three weeks. What a costly way of settling a legal point!

Inhuman employers

Trent Oil Products, Ltd., of Scunthorpe, Lincolnshire, have just been summoned for allowing a driver to work 43 hours without rest. The man fell asleep from sheer fatigue and his lorry ran into a river. His wages were 55s. week.

The magistrates fined the firm the maximum penalty of £20 and regretted that it wasn't more. So do we.

Still napping

A young South African architect designing the glass and metal work for the new London home of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

He has found that artists who work in British glass manufacturers to execute their designs are not encouraged, such commissions usually go abroad.

As architecture is likely to make increasing use of glass, he foresees a new industry growing up which ought to be British but will be foreign if our manufacturers don't wake up in time. What do they take the hint?

THE GOVERNMENT

-A

Dramatic Challenge



Sir Herbert Samuel as Home Secretary in the National Government on his way to No. 10, Downing Street to resign his office after the terms of the Ottawa Agreement had been declared. "They were thoroughly bad bargains," he says

by The Rt. Hon.

Sir Herbert
SAMUEL

THE British nation is very patient—too patient, perhaps. But it is always willing to give everyone a fair chance to show what he can do.

During the last Parliament it was very patient with the Labour Government. But when it became clear that that Government had failed to grapple with the situation, and that it was putting into danger the whole of the country's finances, the nation ceased to be patient and the Labour Government was swept away.

During the present Parliament it has been very patient with its successors. Tariffs were adopted, and they were to have their chance.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain, when he introduced the Bill, declared that it cleared the road for prosperity.

That was just a year ago. Prosperity has not come. It has not even begun to come. This country is still plunged in the depths of the worst trade depression it has ever known in its history.

Next, Ottawa was to bring a great revival of Imperial trade. There has been no revival.

Burden as before

THEN negotiations with foreign countries were to secure reductions in the tariffs levied against our trade abroad; twenty foreign countries, we were told, were waiting and eager to make concessions to our goods. There have been no reductions, no concessions.

Drastic economies and sound methods of finance were to lead to a lightening of the taxes we pay. There has been no lightening of taxes, and there is no prospect of any.

Meantime, the figures of unemployment remain where they were—close on three millions. A fifth of the population of Great Britain stands idle, with no money coming in except what is called the "dole." And this goes on month after month.

Patience is a great virtue, but it has its limits. So long as the people see active measures being taken that may perhaps bring relief, they will continue to be patient. But if not . . . ?

The time has come when the nation should say clearly that we cannot continue indefinitely as we are. A special responsibility rests upon the House of Commons to declare what is in the people's minds.

Our responsibility

BUT from the Conservative members not much is to be expected. They are pledged to this Government whatever it may do—and whatever it may leave undone.

The group which follows Sir John Simon is in exactly the same position.

The Labour Party speaks out strongly as the official Opposition—but it does not command in any degree the confidence of the general body of the nation.

A special responsibility rests therefore upon Liberals. Small in numbers as we are in the present House of Commons, we are convinced

that we represent an immense volume of opinion in the country.

It is the opinion of vast numbers of thoughtful men and women, belonging to all classes, who see clearly that the troubles of the world come chiefly from each nation trying to pursue its own immediate interest regardless of all else; each nation stopping imports into its markets in the hope of giving employment to its own people, with the result that its export trade diminishes and disappears, and millions of people are thrown out of work. "If you will not buy from the foreigner, you cannot sell to the foreigner."

This great body of British opinion sees also that the fear of war is the underlying cause of antagonism between nations, and that a general measure of simultaneous disarmament is the best means of removing that fear.

With regard to the provision of work, it sees very plainly that to have the banks filled with a plethora of money that cannot be used, while there are three millions of workers unemployed, and while there is a real need for the houses they might build and the articles they might make, is inherently absurd.

Use the idle money!

THIS situation is obviously wrong; and statesmen should make it their business to find means of using profitably the idle capital and the idle labour to meet the needs that exist at home and abroad.

The country has a right to know where the Government stands on these matters.

In a short time from now a great World Conference is to meet in London to discuss the appalling state of trade and the measures to redeem it. What policy will the Government propose to that conference?

The experts from all the principal countries, who have lately met at Geneva to prepare the ground, have reported—unanimously and emphatically—that the chief need is to remove the restrictions that now throttle international commerce. That is the course which Liberals have urged from the beginning.

But our present Government will find it difficult to adopt a vigorous policy of that kind. At Ottawa it pledged itself to the Dominions to maintain a whole series of restrictions on foreign trade for a period of five years; it has pledged itself also to the iron and steel industry at home not to remove, for two years at least, other

restrictions adopted on their behalf. The Disarmament Conference has been sitting at Geneva for a full twelve months. Will it reach any effective results unless the British Government is willing to go further in the matter of naval disarmament—simultaneously with other naval Powers—than it has yet gone?

Again and again the Government has been urged to remove the restrictions on the free use of capital, both by private enterprise and by public authorities.

It was indeed necessary, in the financial crisis of 1931, to stop all borrowing for the time. Afterwards there had to be some restrictions in order to help the great War Loan Conversion to be carried through successfully. But these interferences have been continued for too long.

The last straw

THE result is that much capital expenditure by private companies and by local councils, which is needed and would be profitable, is held up. And the consequence of that is that orders which might be given to the building trade, to the iron and steel trade, and to other trades which depend largely upon capital expenditure, cannot be given. And from that follows directly the continued unemployment of hundreds of thousands of working people.

We are a patient people, but our patience is drawing to an end.

The Liberal Party joined in the formation of the National Government at the time of the financial crisis. It has done all in its power to maintain national unity in attacking the formidable problems which beset the country.

Although its views were brushed aside, and a general system of tariff duties was fastened upon the nation, it still co-operated with the other Parties in the Government and limited itself to opposing those particular measures by speech and vote.

When at Ottawa the tariff system was clamped upon us for a period of five years by formal agreements with the Dominions and India—through bargains which were thoroughly bad bargains in themselves—my colleagues and I, who represented the Liberal Party, resigned our offices in the Government.

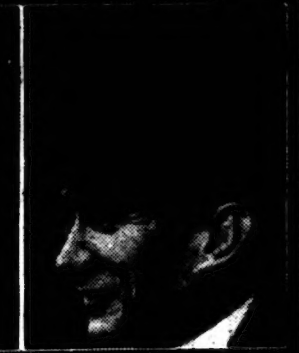
But still we are reluctant to cease our co-operation. We should be sorry if the whole enterprise of joint action between political Parties in these difficult times had to be acknowledged a failure.

But if it is to continue it is urgently necessary that the Government should show, if it can, that it is not merely drifting, that it has a definite policy, likely to achieve effective results, and that it possesses the energy to pursue it; that it can offer the hope of some reward for the long forbearance of a suffering people.

Whatever Our Ministers Do in America, these are ..



This quartet remains in the Whitehall background to echo the theme song, "No, no, no, no, no!"—
From the left: Sir Maurice Hankey, Sir Warren Fisher, Sir Henry Fountain, and Sir Edward Crouse



THE MEN who'll SAY—

GREAT BRITAIN is shortly sending representatives to Washington to say that there are going to be no more payments—at least not on their present scale—on account of our War Debt to America.

At the head of these delegates will be high Ministers of State, whose names are known to all.

But behind them, whether they cross the Atlantic or not, will be men whose names are rarely heard outside Whitehall, but whose expert opinion will really decide what our distinguished Ministers shall, or shall not, say at Washington.

For, though our statesmen will no doubt have much to say, the real hard work of explaining this country's point of view, of saying "No" to America's demands in technical terms and economic phrases, will be done by experts.

Behind the political sharpshooters of the British Delegation will be the heavy artillery of the cream of the British Civil Service. And there is nothing quite like that in the world.

The Big Three

Saying "No" on the American debt is far from being a simple matter. Nor is it a political question. It is the result of proved economics, of financial experience, and vast knowledge, theoretical and practical.

The whole financial history of Europe since 1919 will be summarised in the Treasury portfolios. The whole of the post-war economic experience of the world will be condensed in the Board of Trade files.

And the masters of this knowledge, the men who will have the facts at their finger ends, and who will keep the politicians straight, are three Civil Servants of whom the general public knows little or nothing.

Politicians come and go, but the Civil Service goes on. Politicians think they control policy, but it is the Civil Servant who says, "I am afraid this can't be done"; and the politician goes back to the House of Commons to explain the difference between appearance and reality.

Whatever the publicity experts say, the real work in presenting our case on war debts will be done by Sir Frederick Leith-Ross, Sir Frederick Phillips, and Sir Horace Wilson, though you may never have heard of them.

A fine tradition

The two Sir Fredericks have both been Treasury officials, inheritors of that wonderful Treasury tradition—that cold-blooded spirit of super-competent efficiency—although Sir Frederick Leith-Ross is now with the Board of Trade. It is a tradition which has grown and developed.

The Gladstonian Treasury expert was a kind of super-watchdog, a custodian of financial probity and economy. He would stare with amazement at the present-day work of his successor.

The war changed Whitehall tremendously. In that dark, gloomy building between Downing Street and the Horse Guards, men had to be found to tackle world problems. Men had to be

produced who could handle Budgets of astronomical proportions and who could familiarise themselves with the complicated riddles of international currency and exchange.

The Treasury was equal to the demand. The War produced Chalmers and Keynes; Reparations, Bradbury; the post-War currency problem, Blackett and Otto Niemeyer. And now the world depression has produced Leith-Ross and Phillips. If they have not solved the problems with which they have been confronted, they have at least presented consistent, calm and orderly advice.

Iron and ice

Leith-Ross is the Government's Chief Economic Adviser. He succeeded Sir Sydney Chapman when that ex-Professor of Economics became a member of the Tariff Board. He was appointed last May, at the youthful age of forty-five, from his position of Deputy-Controller of Finance to the Treasury.

He is an imposing figure. More than 6 ft. tall, he yet manages in conference to combine unostentation with power and influence. The face is broad and full. The eyes look at you, slowly and appraisingly, from under heavy brows, through thick spectacles. The humanity of the man is betrayed by the natty wing collar and bow tie he invariably wears.

A curious mixture by parentage. On his father's side his ancestry is Scottish, and his mother was a Dutchwoman. Caninness, caution, thrift, are bred in his bones. Iron determination and icy logic are his joint inheritance.

Europe, or rather European financial experts, know their Leith-Ross now. Hard facts and no flim-flam. The French admire him. He speaks their own language in more than one sense.

At The Hague, when Snowden said "No" to the French, Leith-Ross was at the Chancellor's elbow, tempering the Iron Chancellor to steel-like firmness. The French bore no malice—in fact, they frankly admired their adversary.

Later their appreciation of Leith-Ross's personality was shown when, during the financial crisis of August, 1931, the Treasury official hurried to Paris and negotiated a credit of £40,000,000. And this was at a time when the pundits of the Bank of England could not show their faces in the French capital.

It will not be surprising to students of our public life to learn that Leith-Ross was trained in the Asquith school. Somehow he bears the stamp of that consummate master of correct financial practice. Nor is it surprising to learn that he is also a Balliol man.

Like his first chief, Sir Frederick came from a London school; in his case Merchant Taylors. At Oxford, as a contemporary of Asquith's brilliant

sons, he took first classes in both the classical schools and, entering the Civil Service in 1906, he became private secretary to the Prime Minister from 1911 to 1913.

From 1920 till to-day he has been steadily building his knowledge of international finance. For five years he represented his country on the Finance Board of the Reparations Commission, helping to juggle with problems of transfer and capacity, and learning under the guidance of that hard-headed north countryman, John Bradbury, the fundamental futility of war debts.

He negotiated our present financial agreement with Egypt; he has argued with the Soviet over our claims and their counter-claims; he has discussed German moratorium with German experts and presided over meetings of his expert colleagues from France, Italy, and Japan, dealing with Europe's defaulting and bankrupt nations.

Leith-Ross's views are cautiously orthodox and practical. He is a firm advocate of the view that war debts must be got out of the way before the World Economic Conference can use-

The men who will storm the Capitol at Washington with Britain's plain "No": Sir Frederick Leith-Ross (right) and Sir Horace Wilson



At the Capitol at Washington Mr. Roosevelt will receive Britain's representatives and the firm message they bring



'We Can't Pay!'

fully meet. Theoretically, he is a gold-standard man, but believes that "a well-managed currency of any kind is much better than a mis-managed gold standard."

He has good bargaining assets and accurate knowledge of what America wants. In him the Americans have a hard nut to crack, a sturdy defender of his country.

In the City he could command his own price. Yet for the comparatively small salary of £3,000 a year he will lead the fight behind the scenes to save his country hundreds of millions. The Treasury tradition is a great national possession.

The second Sir Frederick—Phillips of that ilk—was a year senior to Leith-Ross when they were both at the Treasury. While Leith-Ross has travelled Europe, making the Bourses his washpot, Phillips has confined himself mainly to the purely domestic side of Treasury finance.

He is the strong, silent man of the Treasury.

A solidly-built personage, his face suggests great determination of character, tremendous fixity of purpose and masterful intelligence. The eyes relieve his look from impassivity; they betray an acute sense of humour, a distinct suspicion that if their owner was not occupied so much with so grave a subject, he might be almost jovial.

No second thoughts

Phillips has been Principal Under-Secretary of the Treasury since 1927. His speciality is the monetary problem, and he is generally credited with the task of telling Chancellors of the Exchequer what to do.

He certainly helped Leith-Ross to tell Snowden at The Hague and elsewhere, and the suggestion, which has been made on more than one occasion, that the Governor of the Bank of England, Montagu Norman, in turn tells Phillips what to do must be dismissed following the slightest acquaintance with him.

No one could make Phillips alter his mind once he had given adequate thought to a question, and though, as a Civil Servant, he might carry out policies with which he was not in complete agreement, no outside influence would be tolerated for a moment.

The City and the Bank of England may influence politicians; they leave the Treasury official cold. One would like to see a banker influencing or trying to influence Sir Frederick Phillips.

He approaches every question from a strictly practical angle as befits a brilliant mathematician and scientist. That was his early training.

When Sir Walter Layton resigned his

position as Government representative on the Preparatory Committee of the World Economic Conference because, as a Liberal, he detected rank heresy in the Government's policy, Sir Frederick, to the surprise of many people, succeeded. He is credited with a dominant part in the agenda and in the drafting of the preliminary manifesto. In these documents Britain's position is amply safeguarded.

The wonder man—

America will find no easy victim of the gold-standard drive in this Sir Frederick.

A doughty couple, these two Treasury men. There is also a third strong man, who in the background will be speaking for Britain.

When the *Empress of Britain* sailed last year from Quebec, one man, a member of the British Ottawa Delegation, an expert, tumbled into his cabin and collapsed from want of sleep. For weeks he had been working at top pressure.

One of the greatest masters of statistics in England and a leading expert on all industrial matters, it had fallen to his lot to do most of the donkey work for the bevy of Cabinet Ministers who delivered long speeches from prepared briefs.

When Mr. Thomas was playing bridge and when Mr. Baldwin was sleeping, Sir Horace Wilson, the Chief Industrial Adviser to His Majesty's Government, was still working. "He is a wonder man," said one Cabinet Minister, "all England ought to be proud of him."

—who knows everything

Wilson is a walking encyclopædia of information about British industry, both from the point of view of the men and of the masters. He can talk hours and wages with trade unions, and markets and rationalisation with the men. His judgment is serene and infallible. He is one of the country's greatest men and his salary, like that of Sir Frederick Leith-Ross, is £3,000 a year. Sir Frederick Phillips' is £2,200.

Wilson was educated at the London School of Economics and joined Government Service. He did little of note until the Ministry of Labour was

started; but then speedily went to the top. After two years as Principal Assistant Secretary he became at the age of thirty-nine the Civil Service head of the Ministry, and one of the busiest men in the country. In 1930 he was made Chief Industrial Adviser.

He has been behind the scenes in every strike since 1921. He had to examine all the issues involved, appraise the claims of the disputants, smooth over difficulties, and seek the equitable and satisfactory way out.

Besides, at the Ministry, he had all the routine work of countless Unemployment Bills, and other measures. He was always being called in to help a dying industry, to give help to a new-born one, or to succour an existing one.

As Chief Industrial Adviser to the Government his duties are all comprehensive. He is supposed to assist all efforts being made to develop and organise industry. He is supposed to pay particular attention to the cotton, steel and iron industries and to co-ordinate all the Government Departments which in any way touch trade or commerce.

Ask Wilson what a tariff on something

or other will do, and he can pour out the answer for an hour; facts and figures and a lucid explanation of the effect on every allied trade. No wonder he carried the main burden at Ottawa. He, if anybody, alone knew what the Bennett proposals meant.

He can give the firmest "No" of anybody to America.

When the war debt was funded the United States promised reconsideration or even drastic scaling-down if payment on the part of a nation proved to mean injury to her standard of living. Well, Sir Horace is able to tell what war debt payments have meant to us.

His bedside manner!

For years he has worked with the declining cotton industry of Lancashire. Newcastle and the Durham coalfield have heard him a score of times. He has tried every suggestion, examined every panacea. And he knows prosperity can never return until war debts are wiped out and goods can flow freely between the nations of the world.

This thin, whimsical-looking man, with the quizzical eyes and the grave tender mouth, has looked into the heart of industrial England and knows that the cancer which has drained the lost strength is the cancer of the American debt.

His own bodily thinness seems symbolic, as if he were attuned to his problem. Even his face is void of colour. And his gentle, unruffled voice and his charming sympathetic smile all suggest the physician—and a beloved one, too.

His "No" should melt the hearts even of America's Middle West.

There will be others in the Whitehall background who will echo the negative—be the real power behind our delegate Ministers. Men like Sir Edward Crowe, who knows all about the decrease of British overseas trade; Sir Henry Fountain, who expresses the Board of Trade view; Sir Maurice Hankey, the doyen of secretaries, who holds a watching brief for the Cabinet; and Sir Warren Fisher, the Head of the Treasury.

"No!"—camouflaged

But when, at Washington, the real facts are wanted, it will be found that three men, far from the glare of the limelight, are holding the bridge for Britain.

In Gladstonian times a senior Treasury official once spent the whole afternoon replying to a foolish War Office proposal in words of one syllable. Such methods cannot be adopted in the present case. Much argument and illustration will have to be used.

But when all has been said and done, the two Sir Fredericks and Sir Horace will be fortified by knowing that it is their expert opinions that will be expressed by their country's plain "No."

The Human Machine

KEEP MOVING

DO you know who you are? Whether you are sixteen or sixty, it won't do you any harm to think of the right answer to that question. It's never occurred to you has it, that whoever you were yesterday is dead and gone? You never thought, did you, that you have nothing to do with the person you were last year—except in so far as you have had the sense to profit by that person's experience?

But it's all true. Life goes on, grows, develops; and every day—unless you're completely fossilised, mentally and spiritually—you wake up a very different person from whoever you were when you went to bed.

New ideas have come to you, new thoughts, new hopes and ambitions, and fears. If you are using your mental powers as you should, you wake up every morning "forgetting the things that are behind, and pressing forward to those that are before."

If you don't do this you're not living. You're mentally dying; for you're starving your mind and your spirit; and you don't need telling what a determined course of starvation will end in.

Thought is mental food; and there is not much nourishment in old thought. You wouldn't eat stale food if you could get fresh, would you? Then why should you be content to feed your mind with stale thoughts when you can get fresh ones at no cost beyond a little effort?

"New thoughts and ideas," said someone, "bring strength to body as well as to mind. For this reason, the real, active intellects of the world live long, like Victor Hugo, Gladstone, Bright, Bismarck and others. True, there is a sort of fossilised life and intellect which may exist many years, but it enjoys little and accomplishes nothing."

It's inactivity that kills. Keep your brain busy and you'll keep it healthy.

Cigarette Smokers! Why save Coupons!

SAVE the CASH instead

NEARLY

£10**A YEAR SAVED**

by this new idea that is sweeping the country
AND THE INITIAL COST IS ONLY 3D!

Read this Announcement from end to end—
It means Real Money to every Cigarette Smoker.

The discovery of a new and wonderful cigarette rolling machine makes it possible for every man or woman smoker to make his or her own hand-made cigarettes in shape, size and appearance exactly like machine-made ones—not only saving money but ensuring a new satisfaction in cigarette smoking.

Think what a difference! Nearly £10 extra to spend on your holiday this year and the extra clothes you can buy to go away with—all due to the discovery of the wonderful Rizla Jiffy Junior Cigarette Machine, offered at 3d. only.

HERE'S PROOF OF THE SAVING

PACKET CIGARETTES - 20 for 1s.
OWN HAND-MADE

With Filter Tips - 36 for 10½
Without Filter Tips - 30 for 9½

NOTE.—Cigarette Tobacco costs from 8d. oz.; in the above figures it is reckoned at 9d. oz.

20 Cigarette a day smokers will save in CASH—3s. 7½d. a week; 14s. 6d. a month; £9 8s. 6d. a year.

GO TO YOUR TOBACCONIST TO-DAY

HERE IS
ALL YOU
REQUIRE

1 Ounce Cigarette Tobacco to choice (from 8d. upwards)
1 Rizla Jiffy Junior Cigarette Machine ... 3d.
1 Packet Rizla Cigarette Papers (60 leaves) ... 1d.
(Red packet, Plain Paper. Blue packet, Watermarked)

Only in the event of your being unable to obtain a machine and papers from your Tobacconist

USE THIS COUPON

RIZLA CIGARETTE PAPERS (Dept. 8),
132, GREAT PORTLAND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

I enclose 4½d. in stamps. Please send me in accordance with your offer in "John Bull" one new type Rizla Jiffy Junior Cigarette Machine and one Penny packet of Rizla papers.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

PLEASE PRINT IN CAPITAL LETTERS.

In any case you **MUST** get your Tobacco from your Tobacconist,
RIZLA JIFFY CIGARETTE PAPERS & MACHINE

Kennington Advertising Service, Ltd., London

AND HERE'S THE PROOF OF OUR CLAIMS

Read these Unsolicited Testimonials, each from a fellow reader of "John Bull"

If you have had poor results in past efforts to roll your own cigarettes, forget them and try again—we guarantee you will be equally as pleased as the writers of these testimonials.

E. B., Newark.
The Rizla Machine is the finest rolling machine that has been made; it is a masterpiece. I am just delighted with it—I wish I had known sooner.

J. T. C., Upholland.
Please forward six of your marvellous Jiffy Juniors with packets of Rizla papers. I have shown the machine to my pals, and it has taken them by storm.

W. R. S., Barnsley.
As an unemployed man, I may say your machines are worth their weight in gold. If every worker knew the advantage of your little machines your sales would more than double.

S. F., London, S.E.16.
... the first time I had ever rolled a cigarette—imagine my surprise when after a few minutes out popped a cigarette as good as any machine made. I was staggered by the results.

J. A., Sounthorpe.
I made a cigarette which I would defy anyone under casual inspection to distinguish from an ordinary machine-made cigarette.

J. W., Timperley.
Please forward 3 of your machines. Since receiving the machine last week, my friends pertered me to sell it to them—hence this order.

J. F., Belfast.
I consider it a perfect god-send to cigarette smokers in these difficult times.

F. E. R., Hull.
Before I took notice of your offer in "John Bull" I was a heavy smoker of cigarettes at 20 for 1s. 2d., but now I can get 20 cigarettes for only 8d., and a much better smoke. Thanking you again for a very good machine and also converting me into making my own cigarettes...

C. F. T., Sheffield.
It's a little gem, and I am delighted and satisfied with the results.

A. E. C., Durham.
It is the best and far the easiest machine—it turns out a perfect cigarette, so would you send 12 more machines.

J. G., London, S.W.4.
I must congratulate you on such a simple yet effective machine able to make perfect cigarettes equal to those sold in the shops.

A. J. S., Portsmouth.
I must congratulate you... I have a small museum of cigarette rollers, but Rizla Jiffy Junior is the one machine for Yours Truly.

A. A., Wislaw.
I can't find words suitable to express how delighted I am with it—please send 5 more Rizla machines for 5 of my workmates.

J. A., Kendal.
I am delighted with the machine and am amazed at its cheapness; the price is really absurd. Please send me two more.

H. G., Nottingham.
I must congratulate you on making such a marvellous cigarette maker... on showing it to my friend. I was asked to get this wonderful money-saver for him.

P. H., Birmingham.
The saving alone on cigarettes makes it a wonderful invention, not neglecting the fact that each "tag" is a masterpiece.

A. S. H., Southend.
... received the machine and papers, etc., this morning, and I am delighted with it. I was never more pleased with a few coppers' worth in all my life.

R. B., Bristol.
Please send me another machine. I was very pleased with the last one. A pal saw it and I am sending for one for him now. Another friend of mine has sent for one, and he is delighted.

T. G. D., Penrhyn.
... delighted with the Jiffy Junior. It makes perfect cigarettes. I have been looking for one of these machines for the last 20 years.

S. W., Langley Mill.
... have great pleasure in adding my testimony to your already vast list. After using one for 3 weeks I find it all you claim it to be.

P. E. R., Luton.
Rizla Cigarette Papers are the best on the market. After 30 years of smoking I have at last found a perfect cigarette which I thoroughly enjoy, thanks to your marvellous Jiffy Junior machine.

W. B., Norwich.
As a habitual "self-made" cigarette smoker already I have proved every good point you claim for the machine.

P. B., Cardiff.
A real cigarette making machine which will make cigarettes without trouble. Since using the Jiffy Junior I have saved money, temper and time.

E. P., Durham.
I am delighted with the perfect results obtained—it is undoubtedly a boon to all cigarette smokers.

A. S. A., Monkseaton.
The Jiffy Junior strikes me as one of the most ingenious machines I have seen—as an example of design it is perfect.

M. S., Bradford.
After trying others, at last I have found a good pal!

Hamner Swaffin's Open Letter to Dame MAY WHITTY

On with Your GOOD FIGHT!

DEAR DAME MAY,—You, more than almost anybody, are entitled to the thanks of the entire theatrical profession, now that Actors' Equity is an accomplished

fact. When, the other day, you presided over the council meeting which endorsed the sudden calling out of the actors and actresses performing in "The Beggar's Bowl," because, even if they acted, they were not going to be paid—well, it was an historic moment for all those fighting for justice on the stage.

To-day, the West End stage is a closed shop, which means that those who belong to Actors' Equity will not act with anyone not belonging to a legitimate trade union.

One by one the grave injustices which afflict thousands of stage players will be adjusted.

You and your husband, Ben Webster, who, still handsome, still dignified, still one of the most chivalrous members of his profession, is, like you, still acting; can look back on the Actors' Association days when, with Fisher White and Sydney Valentine, you all strove on vainly to make your brother and sister artists join you in the fight for justice. Those were hard days. I well remember them.

Sydney Valentine died, dramatically, while the standard contract which bore his name was actually being confirmed. He gave his life for his fellows.

Fisher White, you and your husband, and a faithful few went on. But the old Actors' Association died. Actors and actresses owed it thousands of pounds in unpaid subscriptions. You sheltered it in your home, but in vain. Now I pay you this tribute with all

the more enthusiasm because no one can accuse you or Ben Webster of being agitators. You were honoured by the King for your splendid work in the War.

As for your husband—well, he traces the proud record of his stage family back even to his great-grandfather. And now you have a daughter on the stage.

I have seldom been so moved as when, a few weeks ago, Godfrey Tearle presided over the meeting at which the London stage declared itself a closed shop. He spoke of when he had been a poor actor on tour. "I am a trouper," he said.

It is the troupers of the profession who serve it best, not those in the snobbish circles and the Cocktail Set, not those who think they are in Society whenever they pass through a night club's doors.

You know, even better than I do, the fight through which you and a few others have been. I remember, in the old days of the Actors' Association, going in sometimes in the morning and seeing the post-bag. It was full of letters from distressed provincial players who had been stranded on tour by fraudulent managers who had absconded.

This sort of thing was so general that it was almost impossible to believe that, in a civilised land, such things could be. Yet West End managers fought the Actors' Association!

"I will never employ any actor who belongs to it," declared one manager, bombastically. Others refused to sign



the standard contract which they had pledged themselves to use. Even to-day that contract does not exist.

You must all start with the West End. Fly-by-night managers go into famous London theatres, and often their shows dry up in a few weeks. The landlord is paid always because he wants his money down first. The flesh and

blood of the actors and actresses does not matter. I can remember you and your husband going round to Bow Street one Saturday night to complain to the police that the company in which you were acting, right in the heart of the West End, was not being paid that night. They were being robbed of their salaries—no, not in the eyes of the law. It is not always legal robbery to promise food to flesh and blood and then use the flesh and blood and not give it food. That applies to property, which is sacred.

You, I know, will be delighted if, in this letter to you, I mention Marie Burke.

Two or three years ago, she and Joe Coyne and Geoffrey Gwyther, not unknown people, but stars, were dried up in a touring show called "Open Your Eyes." Marie came to me bravely in loud protest on behalf of all the others.

I am used to people who come anonymously and say, "Do not mention my name." But Marie addressed what became the first meeting of Actors' Equity. She risked a great deal. But, fine woman that she is, she did not care.

I spoke at that meeting, and the next two or three that followed. John Emerson, brave fighter for your American brothers and sisters, led the fight. Ethel Barrymore, proud to be a trouper, addressed London's actors and actresses.

Godfrey Tearle rushed in and became the first president. Tory newspapers sneered, then. Some Tory newspapers are still sneering.

But it gave me renewed belief in human beings when I saw famous players united to help the down-and-outs in a stricken profession, a profession so ill-paid at the bottom that I have known actors and actresses paid 30s. a week, only a few months ago, in a great success in one of the most famous theatres in the world!

When they complained, they were told, "There are thousands of unemployed outside."

That is the sort of thing that has got to be stopped.

Go on, Dame May, and let me help you. The readers of JOHN BULL are all with you in your fight.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Mr. HOLMAN GREGORY, K.C.,
Common Serjeant of London

DEAR SIR,—It is a scandal, you say, that an idiot boy can buy a dangerous air pistol.

It is a scandal that any boy can buy such weapons, particularly as they have caused so many fatalities and severe injuries.

But my long campaign on the subject has taught me that these preventable accidents are far too trivial to engage the august attention of any Home Secretary. You see, no Home Secretary has ever been shot by an air pistol.

JOHN BULL.

Master JACK POSEN,
Donisthorpe, Leicestershire

DEAR JACK,—After jumping into an ice-bound canal and rescuing a little boy, you went home to be thrashed by your mother for being wet and not telling her what had happened.

If the rescued lad hadn't talked, your bravery would have gone unnoticed. And though you are only fifteen, this is the third rescue you have made.

It deserves official recognition. And I'm sure you won't be thrashed when next you come home wet!

JOHN BULL.

Dr. HENSLEY HENSON,
Bishop of Durham

DEAR BISHOP,—I sympathise with you in having to pay a third of your income in taxes. I have no doubt you find it difficult to live in Auckland Castle and pay the wages of your servants.

But I can't understand why you made these laments when opening a work centre for the unemployed, who

are much more hardly hit even than bishops.

Your conclusions that we are all in the same boat and must stand in and help one another were a good deal more to the point.

JOHN BULL.

Sir WILLIAM CRAWFORD,
London, W.C.1

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—Millions are starving in a world of plenty because our system of distribution is out of date and costly.

Some of our business men are largely to blame for their failure to use new methods in selling their goods. The great Advertising and Marketing Exhibition to be held in London this year will, I hope, bring this truth home to them.

For advertising, as you say, is the best way to move goods from producer to consumer at lowest cost.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. DOUGLAS COWBURN,
Coroner for South London

DEAR CORONER,—Overwhelmed with pity for a mother whose child died from burns—a woman who had tried to keep herself and the child on 10s. a week and pay 7s. rent—you sent her home in a taxi and granted her £5 from your relief fund.

The thought and the deed were worthy of your reputation for great-heartedness.

But there are many such cases of hardship where help is not given because of officialdom's craze for economy. More shame to those who uphold that policy!

JOHN BULL.

ROBERT SCHOFIELD,
Langham, Essex

BRUTE,—Six times you have been convicted and five times imprisoned for cruelty to animals. Now you have been sentenced to another three months in jail and fined £25 for ill-treating a horse.

It is a pity that a man with so terrible a record cannot be sent to penal servitude.

JOHN BULL.

CAMBRIDGE Library Committee:
You were silly to ban Bernard Shaw's latest book. This sort of prudishness only makes people more anxious to read it. Shaw doesn't need the advertisement, anyway.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. DAVID,
Bishop of Liverpool

DEAR BISHOP,—Once you almost made up your mind that you would like to become a pirate, you confess.

We are all glad you didn't. And it is interesting to have proof that boys were attracted by crime long before the present crook film or drama came into being.

You prefer to believe that the increase in crime is a result of "the general mental and spiritual depression that has fallen on the country." So do I.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. R. S. ELLISON,
Mount Street, London, W.

DEAR MARY,—Your husband will, I am sure, forgive me for addressing you so intimately.

But I am in no mood for formality, having read how you sent your bridal

bouquet to Holloway Prison, where you were once probation officer, and how your wedding at Westminster Cathedral was attended by hundreds of poor women from South London, where for five years you have been a social worker.

All happiness to you!

JOHN BULL.

The LICENSING JUSTICES,
Liverpool

GENTLEMEN,—I cannot imagine a more scathing exposure than your report on Liverpool's drinking and gambling clubs, and of the danger of ordering young constables to attend them.

Many of these clubs are frequented by the lowest types, yet young officers are expected to behave like the most hardened members in order to obtain evidence, and, in your own words, are almost certain to become contaminated.

Liverpool is justly proud of its police, but such unsavoury jobs should be given to more experienced officers.

JOHN BULL.

WILLIAM DICKINSON,
Swinton, Manchester

UNCLE,—As a pawnbroker, you must know that some people have to make heartrending sacrifices to get a little money. But when a woman came to pledge her wedding ring, you took nearly three times the legal profit.

"It is our usual charge. We shall make a new start in the new shop," your manager told a detective.

Perhaps the two fines of £5 imposed on you will teach you to make a new start in the old shop.

JOHN BULL.

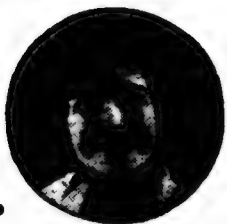
Look at my



Only 3 Days Ago
I Never Would Have Dreamed
It Could Be So Lovely

"My skin was sallow, dark and faded. There were unsightly blackheads, rough skin scales and enlarged pores around my nose, chin and forehead. To-day, my soft, white smooth skin and beautiful complexion is envied and admired by all." Any woman can now easily whiten, soften and beautify her skin, simply by the daily use of Crème Tokalon Skinfood White (colour (non-greasy)). It contains predigested dairy cream and olive oil combined with whitening, tonic and astringent ingredients. It instantly penetrates, soothes irritated skin glands, tightens enlarged pores, dissolves blackheads so that they fall away. Whitens and softens darkest, roughest skin. Gives indescribable new skin beauty and freshness in 3 days—such as can be obtained in no other way. It should be used every morning.

"Terrible
Cough . .
practically gone . .
after two applications"



"I have never previously written a letter of this description, but I am sending you this because your Musterole Brand Ointment has so often helped me and I feel you deserve some expression of appreciation."

"A chemist recommended it two years ago when my husband had a bad chest cold with a terrible cough. After two or three applications the cough was practically gone. He said he could feel the Musterole loosening the congestion. Within a few days he was perfectly fit again."

"Since then we have been regular users and only last week I am sure I stopped an almost certain attack of influenza with it. I think it is a splendid preparation."

Yours faithfully (Mrs.) J.M.S.

That terrible, tearing sort of cough can be loosened at once by the deep-penetrating warmth of this clean, white ointment. Just rub it on the chest. You feel its tingling warmth sinking in. It goes deep down, reaches the congestion, disperses it, gives ease at once, relief after a few applications. Your chemist stocks it. Buy a jar today.



MUSTARD OINTMENT
Thos. Christy & Co., 4-12, Old Swan Lane, E.C.4

BANISH CONSTIPATION

quickly . . . safely
pleasantly. Chew a

FEEN-A-MINT
THE PALATABLE LAXATIVE

No taste but pure fresh
mint.

Feen-a-mint works utterly naturally—
no griping—no strain. Definitely
non-habit forming. Excellent for
children, too!



Obtainable at all chemists, 1/3 a box.

FREE SAMPLE. Send your name and
address and 1d. in stamps (to cover post-
age) to: White's Laboratories Ltd.,
15, Bush House, London, W.C.2.
E.L.

INFLUENZA FORBIDDEN

The London Hippodrome inaugurated a daily mouth-rinsing with Milton (as directed in No. 49 in the booklet) on December 30th. Since that date there has not been a single case of 'flu among the 87 members of the cast and staff!

The Drury Lane Theatre issued a similar order on January 20th. There are 260 people amongst their company and staff, but no 'flu amongst them since the gargling was started!

Hugh Stevenson and Sons, Limited, the famous cardboard-box makers of Manchester, have sprayed their factory and workrooms with Milton (see use No. 101 in booklet) since early in December. There are over 1,000 employees. And no 'flu!

We take these three instances from among hundreds of others—which prove that Milton makes 'flu absolutely unnecessary.

If you want 'flu—you can have it quite easily. If you don't want 'flu—one little moment's effort daily will positively avoid it. "Milton or 'flu—you can't have both."

If you are an employer or a school-teacher—you should forbid Influenza among those under your control. If you are an employee of a firm—you should show this to those above you, in the interests of yourself and your mates.

You can get a bottle of Milton for sixpence. The large and most economical size costs half a crown.

Smokers who want Quality
find sure Satisfaction in this Famous Brand



PLAYER'S DIGGER TOBACCOS

DIGGER FLAKE
DIGGER MIXTURE
DIGGER CUT PLUG
DIGGER HONEYDEW
DIGGER SHAG
DIGGER BLACK CUT
CAVENDISH

8^D
PER OZ.

Now Clean Up DIVORCE

by
**A. G.
Gardiner**

IN Paris on Saturday a marriage is fixed to take place which, unimportant in itself, is important in its bearing upon a great public question.

It is the marriage of Mrs. Rosemary Marguerite Drury-Lowe to Mr. Quinton Gilbey. The significance of the marriage lies in the fact that Mrs. Drury-Lowe was divorced by her husband on December 12 last, the co-respondent being Mr. Gilbey, and that only two months have elapsed since the divorce decree was made.

By the law of England every decree of divorce in the first instance is a decree nisi, and before that decree nisi is made absolute six months must elapse. During those six months the divorced couple remain legally man and wife and the marriage of either to a third party is illegal.

In this case the decree nisi was made absolute in six weeks—hence the marriage which takes place in Paris on Saturday.

I do not know whether this is the first instance in which the six months' suspension has been shortened, but from the interest which the fact has aroused in the public Press I imagine it is.

Mystery man

If so, it is a precedent to be welcomed. Plainly the court had the power to reduce the period of suspension or it would not have done so, and I am left wondering why we have had to wait so long for so sensible an exercise of judicial discretion.

For this period of waiting before a divorce decree is made absolute is one of the most objectionable features of our antiquated divorce system. It is a feature which throws a flood of light on the attitude of the law towards divorce—an attitude which is in flagrant opposition to modern sentiment on the subject.

The object of the suspension is to give the King's Proctor, that mysterious functionary who has his lair in Old Queen Street, Westminster, the opportunity to nose into the affair and intervene to show cause against making a decree absolute—in other words, to cancel the divorce and compel the divorced couple to remain man and wife. He sel-



This odious system of spying, this modern "evil eye," is the grotesque survival of an outworn creed. On the left is the King's Proctor, Sir Maurice Gwyer

dom intervenes—perhaps not more than once in a thousand divorces, certainly not more than once in a hundred.

And for the sake of this rare occurrence every divorced pair is condemned to six months of nominal marriage with all its irritation and disabilities, and not seldom with the result of branding an innocent life with the stain of illegitimacy.

This might be tolerated if the purpose in view is defensible. But it is not. The activities of the King's Proctor are as mischievous as they are odious. They are directed against precisely that type of divorce which is most reputable and most deserving of sympathetic treatment by the law.

Cruel choice

Take a common case. Two people who are married make the discovery that they are not suited to each other and that they would be happier separated. Either or both may have made attachments elsewhere, or they may simply desire their freedom.

But the mutual desire for the dissolution of the legal bond—the most reasonable ground for a dissolution—is

not enough to give them their liberty. One of them must be naughty, must have relations with somebody else's wife or somebody else's husband, must be physically cruel or otherwise in conflict with matrimonial proprieties.

Tied for life

But they happen to be decent, self-respecting people, who find each other undesirable and wish to be separated and allowed to go their respective ways without fuss or scandal. But they cannot do it. They must commit a breach of the moral code or remain tied to each other for life.

In this dilemma the man agrees to commit the necessary legal offence that will enable him and his wife to secure their freedom. He goes to an hotel with a strange woman and has the fact and the hotel bill discreetly communicated to his wife, who is a party to the

plot, and with this evidence the wife obtains her divorce decree.

But the decree is not made absolute until six months have passed. In the interval some mischievous person who knows the facts, perhaps a person who has some interested reason for preventing the marriage being dissolved, breathes the word "collusion" in the startled ear of the King's Proctor, and that worthy, glad doubtless to have an occasional job to do to justify his office and his salary, sets to work to defeat the innocent conspiracy.

He discovers that the visit to the hotel was "a put-up job," a device for getting a legal release which could not be got in any other way. And armed with his proof, he "intervenes," upsets the decree and condemns the unfortunate pair to remain husband and wife, in a relationship which makes life a misery to both of them.

Virtue punished

This is not a fanciful story. It is not even an exceptional story. The procedure is adopted in hundreds of cases which escape the lynx-eyes of the King's Proctor. It is the basis of the personal romance of one of the most distinguished and high-minded writers of this generation—a man who was the soul of honour and chivalry.

The practice is so common that there is even a professional class whose occupation is to provide the necessary evidence on which to establish a case for divorce. There are lawyers who will put through a business of this sort with as much matter-of-factness and despatch as they would draw up a will or conveyance—so little reverence have they for a law which is not merely stupid but a scandal.

It is a law which punishes the virtuous and puts a premium upon immorality. The adulterer and adulteress are rewarded for their moral lapse by being given the relief they ask for. The unhappily married couple who have committed no offence but who simply wish to separate are driven to invent offences that will satisfy the law, and when those offences are found to be Pickwickian they are hooted out of court for "collusion," denied the relief they ask for, and treated as if they were criminals because they have committed no crime.

The whole thing is a travesty of justice and an insult to common-sense.

The King's Proctor, with all his paraphernalia of spying and listening at keyholes, should be swept on to the dust-heap of obsolete anachronisms. He is simply a grotesque survival of a creed which is outworn and repudiated by the modern spirit.

Paid to pry

And with him should go the six months of purgatory to which the victims are condemned, no matter how innocent they may be and no matter what the consequences of the punishment may be.

It is a monstrous anomaly of the law that moral offenders should be favoured while decent people should be driven to degrading subterfuges in order to obtain relief that they want and to which they are entitled.

Still more monstrous is it that the law should employ highly paid officials to smell out the paper "crimes" to which its own idiocy has compelled self-respecting people to resort.

The matter is only one aspect of the jungle of the divorce law which needs drastic reform. But the abolition of the fussy interferences of the King's Proctor would be an admirable introduction to the task.

Not from the B.B.C.—Commandant Mary Allen, Chief of the Women's Auxiliary Force, on

Beauty and the Blue

IM all for ginger and pep—
You women police, please note.
I'd issue the sternest reprimand to hussies who dote
On powder and perfume, or vote
Lipstick their heart's delight.
(I just cannot bear the sight!)

I know that girls will be girls,
But those who join the police
Must banish their naughty curls
Or how can they keep the peace?
Displays of coquettish caprice
Might melt a felon's heart.
(Then complications would start!)

They must not parade their charms
Or get themselves up to "kill"
With Cupid's darts for arms.
Who'd foot the cosmetic bill?
The thought of it makes me quite ill—
Really, it isn't nice.
(Now, listen to my advice!)

Of course, you know what I mean. I
don't want to be a kill-joy, or anything
like that. I think the girls might have
a slightly more feminine uniform—some-

thing smart and becoming—but nothing
gay; nothing dazzling. After all, the
business of our women police is to cap-
ture, not to captivate.

We want our girls to set a good
example, and how can they possibly do
that if they allow little "kiss" curls to
peep out from under their helmets?

At present we dress them to look as
much like Mrs. Noah as possible, and
even if we do make some concessions in
the way of dress in the future, I still
think we ought to maintain some link
with the ark.

What our women police must remem-
ber is that they are police first and
women last. Every Tommy may carry
a Field-Marshal's baton in his knapsack;
but our girls mustn't run away with
the idea that their chances of promotion
will be enhanced if they carry lipstick
on their beat!

They must be taught to shun effemi-
nacy and cultivate a formidable and
aggressive appearance. They must be
"tough," not "taking"; brusque, rather
than bewitching.

I don't expect them to become too
masculine—I mean, I don't want them

to get used to mice, or anything silly
like that; but I think they ought to
learn how to handle a revolver.

There are objections, I know, because
some innocent people might get hit
without being aimed at; but there can
be no progress without sacrifice of some
sort, and though a few might die in the
cause of target practice, the ultimate
benefits cannot be conceived.

So—

Up girls and at 'em!
Why sigh at shiny noses?
You're "in the Force,"
And that, of course,
Is not a bed of roses.

Up girls and at 'em!
And leave your looking-glasses.
Women to-day
Have got to pay—
The old, old order passes.

Up girls and at 'em!
And show them that you're ready.
The die is cast.
You can't be "fast";
You must be slow and steady!

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FREE. — The "Trex" Cookery Book, containing 100 really useful everyday recipes. Simply send 2d. in stamps to J. Bibby and Sons, Ltd. (Dept. W.11), King Edward Street, Liverpool. See advt. on p. 23.

MAJOR-GENERAL

Sir
Wyndham
CHILDS
unmasks a



Tyson seeks to gather in money to help kiddies like these.
But such help as his is not needed

Monstrous Child Welfare SOCIETY

COMMENTING upon the number of undesirable persons who remain unexposed through the severity of the law regarding defendants in cases of defamation, Mr. Justice McCardie recently declared that "the public too often loses the protection it so greatly needs."

I do not intend my readers to lose the protection they need against a charity organiser named Walter Tyson, who has sought to muzzle this paper by issuing a writ for alleged libel in respect of a previous criticism of his activities.

That was in 1930, when it was told in these columns how he had impudently misused many famous names to bolster up his various appeals for financial aid.

The fact that he has never pursued the action then so bombastically begun scarcely calls for any comment on my part!

Impudent appeals

Well, nearly three years have elapsed since Tyson issued his writ, alleging that comment in JOHN BULL had injured his reputation.

He has had ample time in which to seek legal redress, and he has not done so.

From information before me it is

apparent that he has started a new charity campaign with renewed vigour, and I should be breaking faith with the public if I now remained silent and allowed him to continue his impudent appeals.

As "Hon. Secretary" of an organisation which he is pleased to call the National Child Welfare Society, he is busily sending out circulars asking for funds to help its "growing demands."

Two new offices have been taken, one at 131, Victoria Street, London, S.W., the other at 10, Elizabeth Street, Eaton Square, S.W.

The main objects of the society are set forth in such a manner that no one could fail to be impressed.

It is said to exist to promote physical, mental and spiritual welfare of young children, and to mitigate, as far as possible, the evils and disease arising from poverty and overcrowding.

Voluntary nursery schools and child welfare centres are to be provided, and there are to be permanent summer camps and open-air play centres.

Finally, the movement is given a semi-official air by the suggestion that

the National Child Welfare Society will co-operate "with any Government departments, local government, municipal and poor law authorities."

The Eaton Square address is described as the "National Appeal Office," yet callers are told that they must apply to the "head office" in Victoria Street.

But it is not possible to obtain a balance-sheet at either!

Now, when Tyson first launched his precious society he actually succeeded in obtaining the support of a number of influential people, who were under the impression that they were being asked to lend their names to another and quite reputable organisation.

They included Lord Sackville of Knole and Viscount Gage, both of whom resigned immediately on learning their mistake.

It is not necessary to comment upon the past history of Tyson's society, except to say that it has been extremely chequered. But his present activities show that he remains quite unabashed and has lost none of his audacity.

No balance-sheets

He is claiming, for instance, that the change of offices is necessitated by the "growing demands on the society," and that better accommodation was essential for the proper development of its work.

But he conveniently forgets to add that the landlord of his previous headquarters "found it essential" to distrain for arrears of rent!

I can quite believe him when he says "Our resources are being strained to their utmost to meet necessary obligations," but in the absence of balance-sheets it is impossible to say what work, if any, is accomplished on behalf of the poor children for whom the appeals are ostensibly made.

His wife, too, has been actively associated with him in his campaigns.

She is Constance E. Tyson, and shares with her husband the honour of being blacklisted in orthodox charity circles, where in the past she has been known as a versatile writer of begging letters.

Some heartrending examples of her misplaced gifts are before me at the moment. In one she describes herself as a woman with a very good business who has got into serious trouble through illness; in another she writes of a grievous accident which has befallen her two-year-old daughter.

Gifted!

Her husband's record as a charity organiser is truly astounding. There is no disputing the fact that he has considerable gifts in this direction, for, at one time or another, he has held trusted posts with many well-known institutions.

Among these was the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, where some years ago he secured the post of assistant organising secretary.

After a dispute there, he later figured in an astonishing county court action, in which a landlady sued him for heavy arrears of rent.

The judge described the case as one of the most contemptible he had ever tried.

Tyson first represented to the woman, in a most reprehensible manner, that he had been advised by Scotland Yard not to pay.

Further, he falsely stated that he had never actually taken possession of the house.

Yet Tyson had the audacity to appeal, and then showed his superiority by failing to appear in court.

And he has not paid up to this day!

Next he contrived to secure an engagement with the Central Association of Accountants, and as soon as this body decided to dispense with his services he barricaded himself in its offices and refused to hand over the many confidential documents which had been entrusted to his care.

This escapade led to proceedings in Greenwich Police Court, where an order was made against him for the surrender of the documents upon the payment of £12.

Undaunted, he obtained work with the Rubber Club of Great Britain, Ltd., and ended up by repeating his favourite trick of withholding certain of his employers' documents on dismissal.

Fresh fields . . .

The Ealing branch of the Ministry of Pensions was Tyson's next field of endeavour, and after further trouble he was suspended and later resigned.

Will it be believed that after all this he secured the post of organising secretary to the British Sailors' Society? Yet such is the case, and being finally dismissed he repeated the same tactics I have described by refusing to surrender important books.

Again litigation followed, but Tyson has never returned the property.

Nor is that all. His present organisation was actually launched with the aid of material purloined from one of the reputable charities by which he had been dismissed!

A pleasant person, indeed, to be at the head of a child welfare society!

DUCK KING Dismissed

READERS of JOHN BULL will be pleased to learn that that persistent rogue, Richard Armstrong, alias Richard Gordon, alias James Wyndham, alias James Bentley Allen, has met his just deserts at last.

He has been sentenced at the Central Criminal Court to twenty months' hard labour on a charge of fraudulent conversion.

All things considered, he has escaped very lightly after defying the police for years and repeatedly bringing off big coups.

JOHN BULL, alone of all papers, exposed him last summer when he was running a fraudulent company known as British Ducks, Ltd., at Hordle, in Hampshire. We told how, after drawing investors into a mammoth duck-breeding scheme, he suddenly disappeared.

A few months later we were successful in tracing him to Suffolk, where he was posing as a wealthy novelist and finding fresh dupes. Again we exposed him and demanded his arrest.

There is no doubt that the publicity thus accorded him has been instrumental in bringing about his ultimate downfall, and it is gratifying to know that he will be kept out of mischief for some time to come.

Homely Wisdom—by

Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

Losing to Find

THE passing of Mr. Galsworthy has awakened some respectful curiosity as to what the inner life of the man was like who possessed such rare insight into the complexities of the human heart.

He made one self-revealing confession, among others, which ought to be preserved as a summary of the ripest wisdom of every generation.

He said: "I have never been quite happy unless I have been lost to myself in what I was feeling, thinking or doing. Unselfconsciousness is the keynote to happiness."

Another great teacher of our time, who died not long ago, gave utterance to the same idea in somewhat different terms as the firm conclusion to which he had come in the evening of his days.

He said he had found by experience that he had never succeeded in living so intensely as when he had lost himself entirely in the contemplation of some scene of glorious beauty, or in listening to magnificent music, or in identifying himself with some moving human story involving in some form the triumph of high unselfish purpose.

He added a striking comment to this observation. He said it seemed to him proof positive that we are immortal beings and that our Creator has so made us that pure and abiding happiness is never obtainable except on the one condition of losing sight of ourselves and our own immediate gratification in the service of the best we are able to see.

A greater than either of these two great men stated the same principle many centuries ago in words that have since

comforted many thousands of weary struggling souls: "Whoever shall save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for My sake shall find it."

Nobody could forget that saying after once hearing it, especially as it came from the lips of the greatest teacher the world has ever had. He appears to have uttered this truth on more than one occasion, for it is recorded in the Bible in several different connections and in slightly varying form.

What does it mean? Only this: that the one royal road to happiness is not to bother about happiness, certainly not in relation to yourself, but to use such opportunities as come your way for the advancement of the common good.

You must do this without being self-conscious about it or you have spoilt it; do it without thought of recognition or reward; do it because it needs to be done and not because you expect to gain by it yourself.

You will gain by it; of that there is no room for doubt. When Christ said we should find our lives by losing them for His sake He meant just that. "For His sake" meant for the sake of the ideal that every man carries in his heart. John Galsworthy's vision was identical as far as it went.

No persons are so much to be pitied as those who are so absorbed in themselves that they see everything that happens in the light of their own self-interest; they are missing the best in life.

And those who escape from themselves in any endeavour, however humble, to brighten the common lot have lighted a little lamp of joy within their own souls.

This Superb

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To-day "THE PICTUREGOER"—just out—presents every reader with this splendid 16-page photogravure Birthday Album absolutely Free! This beautiful book, measuring 10" deep by 7½" wide, gives the birthdays of hundreds of stars and provides space for birthdays for every day of the year. It's a fascinating and charming novelty, with exquisite art portraits of the most popular stars born in each month. In addition it has a complete horoscope and an absorbing section on birthstones, most suitable colours, and lucky marriage days. This is the most wonderful Free Gift that has yet been presented by any film weekly—the demand for this week's "Picturegoer" will be unprecedented. Get your copy early—otherwise you will be too late.

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A MANSION of Mischief

WE hope this warning will be in time to prevent members of the investing public from supporting an impudent venture about which a Middlesex reader recently sought our advice.

A few weeks ago he responded to an advertisement offering a partnership in a country club, and after some correspondence with a London agent he was introduced to Captain R. W. Campbell, of Holne Chase, Bletchley, in Buckinghamshire.

He was invited to put up £350 to be invested in a company which Captain Campbell said he was forming, and in consideration for which he was to receive a salaried post and a home with all found for himself, his wife and family. His investment, too, was to bear interest at 8 per cent.

In a letter expressing confidence, Captain Campbell went as far as to hint at the arrival of a party of guests for Holne Chase by stage coach drawn by a four-in-hand, in keeping with old country traditions.

The security for the investment was to be the business itself, its goodwill and the stock-in-trade; and the takings he assessed at approximately ten times the amount it cost to run the place.

Not so successful

But there were certain features surrounding the offer which we did not like, and a special investigation we have since made shows that our suspicions were more than justified.

Captain R. W. Campbell arrived in Bletchley during last summer, and securing a leasehold tenancy of Holne Chase—a picturesque modern mansion standing among tall trees in some thirty acres of ground—invited membership by election on payment of an annual subscription.

Although the amenities include central heating, a swimming or skating pool, stabling for a dozen horses, a cocktail bar and a dance salon, the enterprise is not likely to prove anything like as successful as Campbell would lead prospective investors to suppose.

He had, in fact, received several visits by the local bailiffs even when he was describing in glowing terms the prospects of his club to several investors with whom he was in touch!

The whole proposition is decidedly groggy.

We can reveal that closely associated with Campbell in this venture is a young man, Geoffrey Arden by name, who is a notorious character.

It is not surprising to learn that not only traders in Bletchley, but some as far afield as Oxford, Dundee, London, and elsewhere, are expressing anxiety concerning moneys long overdue.

Many creditors

Among other pressing creditors, our enquiries have revealed a nurseryman, a builder who carried out repairs, chemists, farmers, grocers, wine and spirit merchants, and the local authorities for rates.

When a Bletchley victim summoned Campbell to the county court the other day, in an effort to enforce payment of a substantial bill, it was Geoffrey Arden who appeared. Explaining that Captain Campbell was in London, Arden made an absurd offer of payment at a pound a week, which was rightly refused.

We have no idea what urgent business "detains Campbell in London" on occasions when his presence is re-



"Geoffrey Arden... a notorious character"

quired, but we do know that he was also absent from court both when he was sued for rates and when a London firm sued him for a substantial amount due to it for goods obtained on credit.

As far as Arden is concerned—his full name is Geoffrey James Douglas Arden—he was convicted at the Old Bailey a year or two back in connection with a dastardly attempt to kidnap his own grandfather and obtain from the latter a fortune amounting to £50,000.

Wages overdue

The conduct of the club at Holne Chase has latterly aroused the interest of the local authorities, for it is known that drinking and spasmodic dancing goes on until the small hours of the morning; and the atmosphere is such that any self-respecting folk who have been received as guests have in most cases found reasons for a hurried departure.

One reader who stayed the night was amused to find the bedrooms named with fancy titles like "Faith," "Hope," "Charity," "Celibate," and the "Bridal Suite."

No fixed hours for meals were found to be observed and the prices were

found to increase by as much as 50 per cent. as the night wore on.

The staff, it was learned, consists of two serving men and a gardener, who with his wife are a heritage of the estate, having worked for the former tenant of the house.

The last-named worthy couple are in a state of despair concerning their wages, now something like £50 in arrears; and one of the serving men complains that he has received only 50s. since last June.

He is owed £80.

The silent captain

It is obvious therefore that any investor who puts money in Captain Campbell's country club can hope for little or no return when outstanding liabilities are growing fast.

But Captain Campbell in his voluminous letters is silent on the subject of indebtedness.

He is likewise silent regarding a previous club venture in which he was concerned some months ago. He then appeared in Baldock, Hertfordshire, and renting a big house, induced traders to afford him credit in exactly the same way as he is doing at present.

The builder who carried out the alterations necessary at Heath House, Baldock, has never been paid the £800 which is due to him, and the matter to-day rests in the hands of a firm of debt collectors.

At Baldock, Campbell announced with a flourish the formation of a Gymkhana Club, and a prospectus he issued conveyed the impression that well-known and prominent men like Mr.

Ramsay MacDonald and Lord Harewood were to be members.

Riding on the wave of sensation he created, Campbell arrived in the town in an expensive car. Stopping at a popular hotel, he ordered food and drink for himself and a woman companion, but drove away without paying the bill.

He also obtained some £30 worth of drink from a brewing firm, but never settled the account. Several creditors there, including even a printer, a green-grocer and a baker, are among his many victims.

The man who had held the post of gardener at Heath House for many years complains bitterly that Campbell still owes him wages for work performed as far back as in the autumn of 1931.

It is clear then that any proposition made by Captain Raphael William Campbell should be subjected to the most rigorous investigation before being entertained.

Police active

We are not surprised to learn that the police in both Hertfordshire and in Buckinghamshire are now enquiring into complaints which they have received.

And that he is utterly unscrupulous is shown by the fact that, when he was leading a prospective investor to believe that his latest club venture was a glowing success and that a £300 investment would yield handsome profits, a notice posted upon a hoarding stated that all the furniture and fittings in this questionable country club were to be sold in order to pay his more recent debts!

Wiles of a Luck Monger

TWO queer circulars are being distributed just now by a concern called the Ellesdee Syndicate, of 17, Streatham Hill, London.

One is tinted a light blue shade; the other is a rather billous yellow—but, unlike seidlitz powders, it really doesn't matter which you consider first.

The blue one opens with the announcement that "Money makes Money" and "Luck is Round the Corner." It then goes on to outline a proposition which it is pleased to describe as "an unrivalled opportunity."

There are four printed pages, but after a careful study all we are able to gather is that the Ellesdee Syndicate is bent upon finding clients who will send 5s. for "a beautiful birthstone ring" and "Astro-Numeroscope," that has been worked out by scientists and will help the purchaser all through life.

Those who care to extend the syndicate's business by finding further clients are promised commission "limited to £5,000."

The yellow leaflet tells us that the

rings sold are sterling silver but "look like platinum"; they are adjustable, will fit any finger and will attract "an aura of good luck" to the wearers.

As for the Numeroscope reading, this is said to give the fate and destiny years of the individual concerned, with information about outstanding events, past, present and future.

We hate to be pessimistic or to dis-

Two BIG GIFTS

Every reader of JOHN BULL is to-day invited to accept a magnificent original free gift of a kind never before offered. A 16-page Birthday Book, printed in coloured photogravure, giving the birthdays of the stars and with delightful miniatures of filmland's favourites, is given free inside every copy of this week's Picturegoer.

But that is not all! You are also invited to accept the superb new £1 is. Golden Treasure Album of the Screen—a mighty illustrated panorama of screenland, told for the first time entirely in pictures.

Turn now for fuller details which appear on page 16.

courage those who may feel tempted to try and qualify for the £5,000 commission, but the best place for these tempting circulars is the fire!

For the Ellesdee Syndicate, we find, is the latest trading name for an individual who has passed variously as Henry Louis Devane, Leon Cosmo, Cosmo Leon Kendal, Leon James Kendal and Professor Lou. H. de Vinne.

Up to a recent date he had not troubled to register it as a business name, but our own dossier furnishes quite a lot of information about his past history.

A full list of the many enterprises in which he has indulged would take more space than we can spare. It will suffice to say that they include such varied ventures as the International Business Bureaux, the Moreton Kendal Chemical Company and the Casino Loan and Savings Investment Company.

In short, he has never been at a loss to devise some scheme or other in which to obtain money from those gullible enough to listen to him.



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The coldest part of the winter is yet to come. Be prepared! Join the wise thousands who have sent up 75 packet fronts from B.D.V. Sports Cigarettes and armed themselves against winter's chilly blast with a fleecy all-wool muffler. Have five feet of comfort to wrap round you—a really fashionable muffler fast-dyed in your correct club colours, or plain blue and white or black and white stripes. Only 75 packet fronts are needed. Address (with a note of colours required) to B.D.V. Gifts, Godfrey Phillips Ltd., 39, Commercial Street, London, E.1.

* Club colours are available for the 4 Divisions of the Football League, 2 Divisions of Scottish League, Rugby League and Speedway Clubs. This offer is open until Easter, 1933.

B·D·V



SPORTS CIGARETTES

Bankrupt Boss's Trail of Ruin

A PATHETIC letter from the Potteries urging us to look into the affairs of a man named T. H. Godwin reveals a situation which calls for some salutary publicity.

Scattered throughout the famous Five Towns and their environs are a number of people face to face with poverty to whom this man owes substantial sums of money.

The writer of the letter is in a sad enough plight. He has a wife and young family dependent upon him, and only the "dole" stands between him and bitter distress. As it is he is enabled to keep a roof over their heads only through the forbearance of his landlord.

Yet this man is owed a heavy arrears of wages.

Nevertheless his letter to us is chiefly concerned with the position of his fellow workmen, whose circumstances are even harder.

Among these are men who have worked a life-time for the firm of Thomas Godwin and Son—men who have given the best years of their lives in its service, and some who have even parted with their savings as loans given freely at the call of their employer's son.

Fine record

Thomas Godwin and Son, builders and contractors of Newcastle, Staffs, has been established for a generation. Until recently it was one of the biggest and most flourishing concerns of its kind in the Potteries.

Many of the public buildings of the Five Towns and district have been erected by it as well as innumerable public works, theatres, cinemas and private houses.

At times upwards of 500 men have been in its employ and its contracts have run into hundreds of thousands of pounds.

A year or two ago Thomas Godwin died, and complete control of affairs passed into the hands of his son, T. H. Godwin.

Almost immediately, curiously enough, this flourishing business, after showing handsome profits for a succession of years, began to get into difficulties.

The house he occupied in Hanley was disposed of and a more splendid establishment was acquired in the country.

At the same time as he was thus expanding his mode of living T. H. Godwin embarked upon a veritable orgy of borrowing. Some of these loans were raised by mortgaging property and pledging securities, but others were borrowed privately and without security.

The magnitude of these borrowings may be gauged from the fact that the unsecured loans amount to nearly £12,000.

Borrowing orgy

That he could raise such an amount merely on his word shows the good name that the firm of Thomas Godwin and Sons enjoyed in this great industrial area.

While this borrowing was still proceeding merrily Godwin was finding himself in such straits that he was even unable to meet his weekly wages bill.

Such were the conditions in the firm under his father that workmen remained in its service for years. Most of these had known T. H. Godwin from boyhood, and such was their faith in him personally and in the firm that he had no difficulty in getting the older hands to rally to his aid.

Several were thus induced to help him out of their wages, while even others dipped into their savings.

One man who had been in the employ of the firm for over twenty-six years allowed his wage arrears to amount to

nearly £60, and at the same time advanced sums out of his savings that totalled well over £150.

In the will of Thomas Godwin bequests of £25 each were made to four of the oldest workmen. These bequests are still unpaid, and some of these workmen are among those who are owed substantial sums for wages.

All these men, who have grown old in the service of the firm, now find themselves in the evening of their years out of work and mostly in very straitened circumstances.

Another beneficiary under the will of Thomas Godwin was his niece.

T. H. Godwin arranged with her that he should pay her 25s. a week instead of turning over a sum of money to her. After he had been doing so for some little time he suggested that he would pay her rent of a few shillings a week and deduct it out of the 25s.

She agreed to this, but after some months she suddenly found herself being threatened with eviction for arrears of rent amounting to £14. She was a tenant in one of the houses which were part of Thomas Godwin's estate.

The income of these houses was left to T. H. Godwin for life, but this, too, had been taken by creditors, who, of course, knew nothing about the arrangement.

Such treatment of the beneficiaries under his father's will is in line with the rest of this sorry affair.

It is not clear why T. H. Godwin considered himself entitled to engage in these borrowings and subterfuges when he should have known that he would be unable to meet his liabilities.

The truth is, it is now revealed, that the Sheriff's officers have been in almost continuous occupation of the premises for the last ten months on behalf of creditors for amounts running into many thousands of pounds.

Can it be wondered at when this method of conducting affairs is reviewed that the famous building concern is now in bankruptcy with gross liabilities of over £31,000?

Queer admissions

The books of the business do not appear to have been kept for some considerable time, and during the last year, while he was still borrowing money from his workmen and personal friends, two bankruptcy petitions, eight bankruptcy notices and about sixty executions were issued!

While he was in this state his borrowings amounted to over £10,000, most of which was completely unsecured, and although it was borrowed apparently to keep the business afloat only £1,100 is recorded in the cash book.

One creditor alone has advanced £5,600, his only security being some sort of vague talk about an option of becoming a partner in a new company which was never formed.

Despite all this, T. H. Godwin maintains that he thought he was completely solvent, while in almost the same breath he admits that in respect of insurance contributions alone he owed about £600 and over £700 in wages.

In his borrowings from his workmen, T. H. Godwin apparently was completely indifferent to the effect his actions would have on these faithful servants of the company.

He repeatedly assured one man that his loans would be well secured, but in actual fact this man is one of the huge army of 183 creditors left without any security whatever.

Godwin's disregard for the welfare of those who rallied gallantly to the aid of this once great concern is one of the most distressing parts of this whole business.



After years of faithful service, the luckless workers were turned penniless, adrift

A PERILOUS RADIO SHARK

JOB-SEEKERS nowadays have to be prepared for surprising shocks, but the experience of a Fulham reader who answered an advertisement calling for a partner in an electrical and radio business must surely be unique.

From a firm of estate agents, to which application had to be made, he was passed on to a company called Headstone Electric, of 2, Station Parade, Headstone Lane, Harrow.

There he interviewed a Mr. Henry Reginald James, who explained that he required a partner for his business as "radio and cycle factors."

He was shown invoices and furnished with details of current business. Headstone Electric was said to deal in H.T. batteries, wireless components of all kinds, electrical goods, radio sets, cycles and gramophones, and to all outward appearances the proposition seemed attractive.

The outcome was that he was invited to join Mr. James as a partner, for which privilege he would be required to invest £200 in the company.

A nasty shock!

As a sign of good faith he lodged a deposit of £30 and was taken round by one of the firm's travellers in order that he might gather first-hand information about the business.

Then came the shock! One morning he received an agreement, which he at first presumed to refer to his own partnership.

But when he examined the document he found that it was not made out in his name, but in that of a Wealdstone man.

His suspicions aroused, he began to make enquiries, as a result of which he wisely decided to end negotiations.

When he applied for the return of his £30 he encountered some difficulty, but

eventually succeeded in getting £25, the balance being held by the estate agency as its fee for expenses in effecting the introduction.

He is lucky to have got out of this venture so cheaply, for information now before us shows that others have been less fortunate.

Among them is the Wealdstone man, whose agreement was mistakenly sent to the Fulham applicant.

This man actually invested £200, being led to suppose that the Headstone Electric was a flourishing business with a good weekly turnover.

No profits!

Under the terms of his agreement he started work at a salary of £3 10s. a week, with the understanding that he would receive a third share of the profits.

But there were no profits!

His big shock came when he innocently asked for certain gear and materials essential for carrying out repair work. For this perfectly natural request was met by an astonishing confession from his senior partner that there was no ready cash!

Hampered by this shortage of funds, the Wealdstone partner raised as much as he could by cashing some savings certificates.

But then he learned of yet another £200 partner in Hereford, who had been with Headstone Electric only a short while and had been unable to recover his money.

Meanwhile, he was experiencing difficulty in getting his own salary, and in the end he, too, left in disgust with the knowledge that his money was lost.

In addition to these various partner-victims we find that several people now hold cheques from the Headstone Electric which have been dishonoured, and the company is not even registered in compliance with the law!

"John Bull's" Full Exposure of the—

MASTER

"IF there were no receivers there would be no thieves" is a truism that has often been uttered by judicial authorities, but few people pause to take in its significance.

In modern crime the receivers, or fences, as they are known in the underworld, are infinitely more sinister figures than the actual thieves whom they exploit.

Yet one rarely sees a receiver in the dock, for in nine cases out of ten obedient underlings, handsomely paid for their silence, willingly go to jail without disclosing their association with "the man higher up."

The very loyalty of the underlings makes it almost impossible to bring definite charges home, even in cases where the actual receiver concerned is known.

Scotland Yard has its eye on numerous habitual receivers—men of wealth and position, who are known to turn over as much as £10,000 in a single week. Yet, somehow, the vital

evidence that would secure a conviction can never be obtained.

Why this immunity?

Is it beyond the power of the greatest police force in the world to devise some means of rounding up the master men of crime, these sinister fences who alone make crime possible and who live in luxury and ease in the guise of honest business men?

All receivers are not tarred with the same brush, of course. There are several different types and all work in a different way. The worst pursue their calling with complete criminal intent; others have become involved as receivers in following what they believed to be a legitimate business.

John Bell, who was sentenced a few days ago for receiving the stolen statuette of Aphrodite, belonged to this latter class. The world knew him as an insurance assessor with business interests in London, Paris and Morocco; but we can here reveal some exclusive details of his more secret operations.

Though the evidence against him showed his intimate knowledge of the underworld and long association with jewel thieves and jailbirds of various types, much more remains to be told.

In the first place, it was not the police who actually laid him by the heels.

His arrest was brought about by a private detective agency which had been instructed independently to probe the mystery of the stolen statuette.

Meteoric rise

Bell's rise in the City was amazing. Starting after the war in a very small way as an assessor, he steadily developed his liaison with the underworld to such an extent that he finally had a small army of criminal "narks" who could always be depended upon to furnish accurate reports on all the latest big robberies.

As representative of insurance companies it was a legitimate matter of business for him to endeavour to trace stolen property. In this he became adept, and then he began to indulge in arranging for goods to be "worked back"—that is, returned to the rightful owners.

It was in that way that his downfall came.

For years he was actually valuable to the police as an informer, and his highly specialised knowledge was often sought.

Many people who knew him intimately argue to-day that he was not really a "receiver." He did not make criminals or direct their operations.

His business, they say, was to save the insurance companies shoals of money by recovering stolen property for the owners.

When he received information in advance about contemplated coups, as he sometimes did, he took the precaution of passing on the vital details to Scotland Yard and was thus instrumental in frustrating huge burglaries and carefully planned bandit raids.

This being so, it is surprising that he should have walked so blindly into the trap laid for him, not by the police, but by the enquiry agency entrusted privately with an independent investigation.

Some of the exploits of the mys-

terious Mr. Bell almost outrival fiction. On one occasion a huge haul of jewellery, including some of the finest gems in the world, was made at the Mayfair home of a wealthy society hostess.

It had been most carefully planned by expert thieves and the police found themselves completely baffled. To this day no arrest has been made.

The "carriers"

Months passed without any clue being found as to the whereabouts of the missing jewels. Certain police officers had a shrewd suspicion, but owing to the rigidity of the law, which precludes a magistrate from granting a search warrant unless success is certain, they were unable to test their suspicions by making a sudden raid on certain premises.

But, silently and unobtrusively, Bell was working upon his own unique lines of investigation. His underworld informers were kept busy and gradually his dossier of information began to grow.

Meanwhile, the heavy reward offered for the recovery of the precious jewels was increased. Bell watched for the appropriate moment and then struck and negotiated for the hidden hoard through his underworld "carriers" or agents.

Bit by bit the stolen property was collected and safely restored to its Mayfair owner and the reward claimed.

Bell shared the reward with several others, and everybody concerned, including the Mayfair hostess, the insurance company, the thieves and the carriers, was pleased.

Amazing successes have attended Bell in his queer business. Not long ago some banknotes of high denomination were stolen from a West End office. But they were of foreign currency and therefore not easily negotiable here.

Clever work

Bell and his agents, working with their usual silence, found the thief in record time, and the bulk of the stolen money was recovered.

In another case several valuable oil paintings were stolen from a country mansion. The police investigated the robbery without any success; then Bell got to work on behalf of a well-known insurance company.

With the aid of his strange circle of informants he eventually recovered the paintings, which were found hidden beneath a heap of old rags and scrap in a small shop in South London.

That is a true but brief picture of Bell's unique activities, and though at the Old Bailey trial he was branded as a receiver, there are other much more sinister men now at large who should have been sent to jail long ago.

When one reflects that Bell only met his doom through unofficial detective work, it is to be hoped that some official steps can now be taken to bring these more desperate offenders to book.

Few of the leading receivers are known to their underworld followers by other than nicknames. This is true of "The Shonk," a receiver who frequents various criminal haunts and whose notorious reputation ex-

tends to many parts of the provinces.

"The Shonk" is well known to Scotland Yard and has been repeatedly interrogated by police officers concerning stolen property which has passed through his organisation.

But he has an ever ready excuse and invariably manifests great indignation on being questioned. It is suspected that he has directed crime for years, regularly disposing, through carriers, of goods stolen by thieves in his circle. But he has never been caught out.

Yet every important thief in the underworld knows "The Shonk" by repute, and also the haunts of the "carriers" they would have to approach in order to carry out a "deal" with him.

Receivers of his calibre are uncannily clever. They have entrenched themselves so secretly that it is well-nigh impossible to fasten guilt upon them.

"Helpless" thieves

They rarely handle the stolen property they negotiate, and though they direct every move, the actual work of carrying and disposal is performed by their underlings.

You would find few thieves who could say that they had ever seen a receiver in person, even though they may have had transactions with him all their life. They may be full of rumours about the man higher up and be conversant with all his underworld nicknames.

But that will be the limit of their knowledge. Beyond that all they will be able to tell you is that he is a man to be feared; a ruthless tyrant who can make or break a criminal at will!

As an illustration of this, let us cite the case of a notorious thief



"Mac the Mug" is now in jail, but his receiver friend Enwright is still free . . .



MAKERS of CRIME

Who they are and How they work

named Frederick Johnson, who was known as the possessor of the finest set of skeleton keys ever seen in this country.

Some months ago he and certain accomplices raided a country mansion and escaped with jewels of immense value.

At least eighteen similar coups were known to be his work, but notwithstanding his successes in this direction he had no safe knowledge of how to turn his valuable booty to profitable account.

He knew what most jewel thieves know, that the moment a robbery is reported to the police a description, and not infrequently a photograph, of the missing jewels is speedily circulated throughout the country.

With pawnbrokers and jewellers thus notified the chance of disposing of the "swag" is greatly curtailed.

Johnson, therefore, took his hauls to a certain haunt in Islington, where "carriers" of fences are always to be found, and where, incidentally, members of the Flying Squad are constantly maintaining vigilance.

Two of the men who worked behind the man who commits the crime — on the left John Bell, the imprisoned assessor, and, beside him, William Enwright, cat-burglar and receiver

He disposed of his stock, which eventually found its way to a notorious camouflaging factory in Amsterdam, where stones were torn from their original settings, recut and remodelled or otherwise changed before being brought back here and sold through a well-known receiver in Hatton Garden.

All that Johnson got was the usual underworld price — 10 per cent. of the value put upon the booty by the receiver!

A receiver who vies with "The Shonk" for notoriety is a most polished personage, who enjoys the queer nickname of "Biff."

He occupies a high place in social circles.

He frequents leading Mayfair hotels and occupies a luxurious West End flat. The biggest risk he has ever taken is in allowing his wife to wear one of the most exquisite rings in existence!

"Biff" deals in anything that can be turned to really profitable account. Diamonds for preference, but champagne and cigars also find favour, providing the consignments are big enough.

He was instrumental in negotiating the booty of several raids, carried out a short while back by skilled crooks, including one called "Colonel Jennings." Within a few days most of the proceeds were openly on sale in certain genuine shops which had no idea that they were stolen.

Mystery houseboat

"Biff" has several "hideaways" where stolen property can be temporarily dumped, and in the summer months rushes the stuff by night to a lavish houseboat he maintains on the Thames.

There, on occasion, he has entertained some very select friends, but among his guests are always carriers and agents who leave with his instructions and the appropriate goods in the small hours of the morning.

He employs from between twenty and thirty expert carriers who can be depended upon to carry out his secret instructions to the letter.

Often he is to be seen in the West End, faultlessly attired and surveying the world serenely through a monocle as if no cares rested upon his buckram-padded shoulders.

His amazing audacity is best illustrated in the story of two sums of money paid in notes, which were traced to his banking account.

Although this money was undoubtedly obtained in his capacity as a receiver he never turned a hair when challenged on this score by Scotland Yard men.

Two customers had bought some expensive goods from him, he suavely explained. The notes were genuine, so that was all that really concerned him. How could he possibly be aware that they were part of the proceeds of some crooked deal!

The police could prove nothing; and he knew it.

It is an interesting fact that most receivers, as we shall show in the revelations we shall continue next week, run some sort of business that is, to all external appearances, legitimate.

These may be general stores, antique shops, gown establishments or jewellery repairing shops. But their main object is to cloak their more profitable activities as master men of crime.

The cleverness with which men like "Biff" operate from behind the scenes, at the same time posing to everyday acquaintances as honest men, can be further instanced by the audacity of a master criminal known in the underworld as "Darkie Kemp."

For years, in addition to his own private enterprises, he has been chief partner of England's most accomplished woman receiver, known to her intimates as "The Babe," who has something like thirty feminine followers at her command.

In his time "Darkie Kemp" negotiated some amazing receiving coups, but he has never once been caught in spite of official vigilance.

Tell-tale tweezers

For a long while he actually held a post as chief adviser on precious stones to one of the most exclusive dealers in London.

Then there is an expert receiver known, since the end of the war, as "Islington Bob." A score of thieves work for him, gathering in the proceeds of hauls by lesser thieves, which he finally turns into money.

One of his agents, a man named Haxby, is now in jail for an offence he perpetrated independently.

One much-wanted man to-day is William Enwright, who is a cat-burglar and receiver combined. In other words, he has not always been satisfied to part with 90 per cent. of the value of his hauls to bigger master men, and on occasion has disposed of his booty direct with the aid of a few selected crooks.

When one flat occupied by him was raided the "finds" included a pair of jeweller's tweezers, of a kind specially used for taking stones from their settings.

And embedded in the central nut were found fragments of diamonds which showed that the tweezers had been in recent use.

Enwright, who was an associate of "Mac the Mug," otherwise Walter McCartney, now jailed for his part in an espionage conspiracy, is now "on the run."

Incredible plots

Though the police have possession of these tell-tale tweezers they would much prefer a little chat with Enwright in person.

Through the clever plotting of these and other master receivers, huge quantities of stolen goods are camouflaged beyond detection.

How they are then dumped upon unsuspecting purchasers and the ingenious devices used will be fully revealed in our later articles on this subject.

Nor are these coups confined to jewellery. Cloth, gowns, plate and even tea are trafficked in extensively by wealthy receivers who, with the astonishing immunity we have indicated, defy law and order to an almost incredible extent.

NEXT WEEK:
The Crime Kings' Women
Decoys

What other people think
**WHEN THEY SEE
YOUR DOG SCRATCHING**



It is embarrassing when people see your dog scratching. You know he's perfectly clean, but you can guess what they are thinking. Yet, it is not your dog's fault. He scratches because his blood is impure, and this sets up an irritation under his skin which he can only relieve by constantly biting and scratching himself.

When his blood is purified he will stop scratching—and not a moment earlier. The blood corrective which all thoughtful dog owners give to their dogs is Bob Martin's Condition Powders which purify and refresh the blood, and so remove the desire to scratch. TO-DAY provide your dog with Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which cure and prevent all blood ailments such as continual scratching, listlessness, dull coat, loss of appetite, sulky temper, eczema and swellings between the toes. In this way you can keep him fit and happy always.

Your nearest dog biscuit shop, chemist and big store sell Bob Martin's Condition Powders in 6d. packets of 9 (nine) powders and 1/- boxes of 18 powders. Made (since 1892) by Bob Martin Ltd., Southport, Eng.

That is why
**BOB MARTIN'S
CONDITION POWDERS**
KEEP dogs fit!

MEN WHO SUFFER FROM FATIGUE

Here's real news for the thousands of men who are finding that the cares and worries of these difficult times are stealing all their vigour and their strength, finding they cannot make decisions as they once did, finding themselves tired out and listless.

There is a simple, pleasant way to build up new strength and vigour which doctors have been recommending for over fifty years. It is just to take three glasses of Wincarnis a day.

You will find it delicious with its lovely aroma and bouquet, and with your very first glass you will feel new life and new vigour stealing through your veins.

For Wincarnis is the perfect tonic for men and women. The wine in every bottle contains all the valuable properties of 2½ lbs. of grapes, and to it are added the vitamins and strength-building elements of beef and malt extracts.

Try Wincarnis to-day. See how delicious it is. See how very soon you find your energy coming back.

GASTRIC ULCERS FOR SEVEN YEARS.

"Different Man After First Bottle."

If you suffer from indigestion in any form you ought to read this letter. A formula which will relieve seven years of suffering is something you ought to know. It is an unsolicited letter from Mr. G. A. . . . of Tunbridge Wells:—

"Having been a sufferer from gastric ulcers for the past six or seven years, and getting no relief from anything I tried, I thought I would give your Maclean Brand Stomach Powder a trial. I must honestly say that from the very first bottle I felt a different man, and I can now eat anything I like without the least sign of pain; what used to be agony is pleasure, and I have only to take an occasional dose to keep my stomach in proper working order.

"I have recommended it to lots of people with good results and praise."

Remember this: Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is no quick medicine. Its formula is known to the whole medical profession and is in daily use in all the leading hospitals for all kinds of indigestion and gastric trouble with simply amazing results. You ought to try it to-day.

But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder under that exact name, with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles, in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

"GOOD-BYE, girls; go straight home; Good-bye, Cos, old chap; so long, old pal!" and away went Cobb and Co.'s coach with the mail and the entire Gerald and Duff Dramatic Company, with the exception of myself.

I waved my hat and watched them until a bend in the track through the trees hid them from view. This "Good-bye" was said at Southern Cross, a small mining township in Western Australia. "Going straight home" meant 160 miles in the coach, then 180 miles by train to Albany, and about 1,200 by steamer to Adelaide!

Six months ago we had arrived in Perth with a company of twelve, and had been in fact the Pioneers of Drama in the West.

After playing most successful seasons in the bigger towns, we had reduced the company, and, travelling by coach, had visited nearly all the small townships in the State, winding up at Southern Cross.

We had started from York on our journey to Southern Cross in great style, and for the first two days all had gone well, but on the third, one of the leaders came down heavily over a fallen log and went dead lame.

There was no made road, only a rough track, the going was heavy, and we had a big load on.

OUR willing team struggled gamely to the top of the rising ground we were covering, but half-way across the sandy plain at the top they were fairly done, and there we stuck!

Night was coming on, and we were a good ten miles from our next halting-place.

It was blowing half a gale and it was perishing cold, or, rather, seemed so after the heat of the day.

But this wasn't the worst of it; we had no water. Plenty to eat and a bottle of brandy, but no water!

Coachy said that at the foot of the hill, about two miles further on, some might have gathered in the wheel ruts made by heavy teams in the wet season.

LEAVING my pal to make a fire and the girls to get supper ready, my friend Cos and I set off.

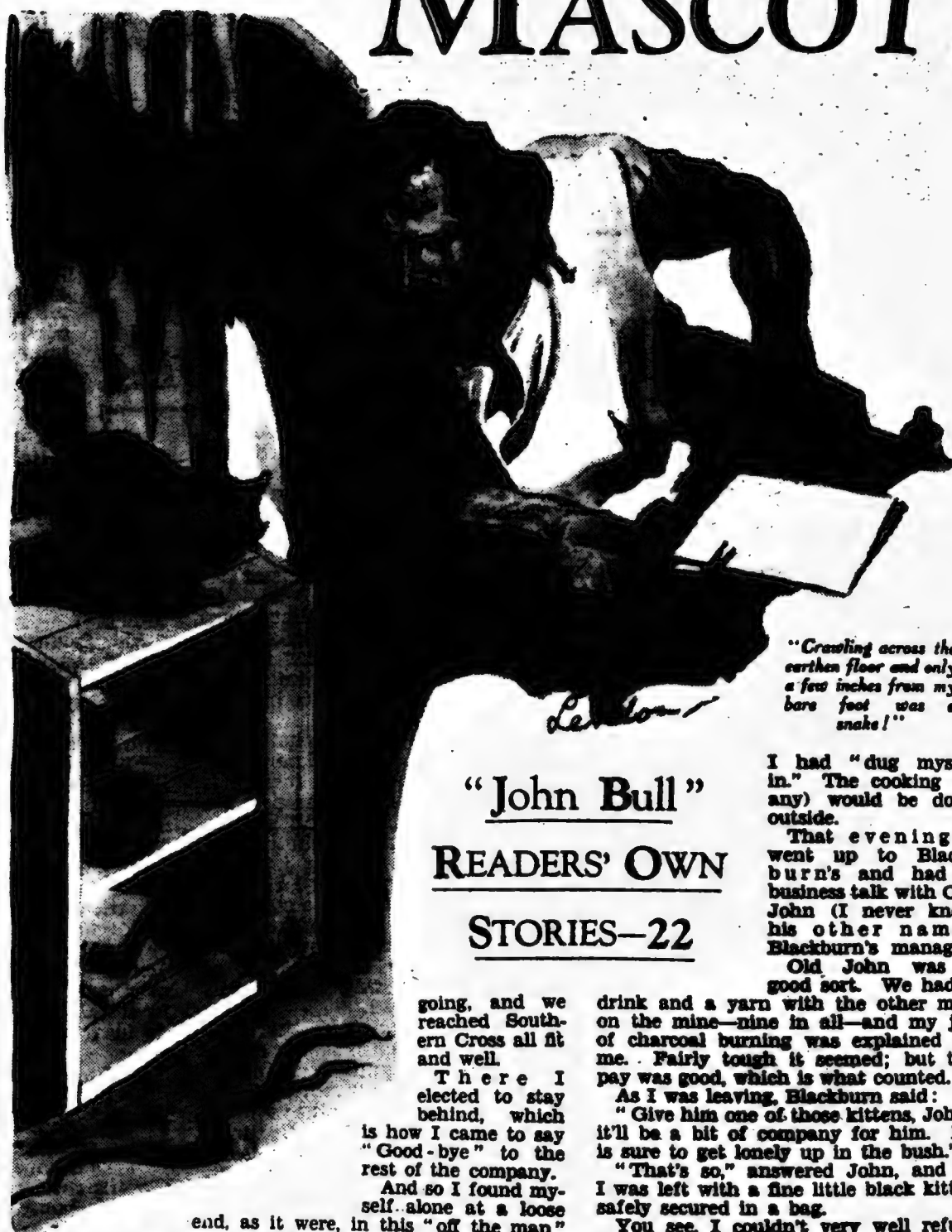
It seemed a long two miles, but we got there at last and found the ruts and the water, too. But oh, the colour of it! Just like mud! We strained it a couple of times through a bit of canvas (the lining of my coat pocket) into bottles we had brought with us, and it certainly improved it. At least, it looked much "paler."

Three roaring bonfires, like beacons on a hill, welcomed us back. We strained the water again, this time through a piece of cambric—provided by one of the girls—billed the billy and sat down to a varied but welcome supper.

After that we were ready to "turn in"; the girls we made cosy inside the coach in a bed of ferns, while we rolled in our blankets by the bonfires. With the aid of a nip of brandy, we were soon asleep.

The rest of our journey was smooth

SAVED—by a MASCOT!



"Crawling across the earthen floor and only a few inches from my bare feet was a snake!"

"John Bull" READERS' OWN STORIES—22

going, and we reached Southern Cross all fit and well.

There I elected to stay behind, which is how I came to say "Good-bye" to the rest of the company.

And so I found myself alone at a loose end, as it were, in this "off the map" spot. I wasn't hard up as regards cash, but I had no idea what I was going to do, and do "something" I must. Waiting like Micawber for "something to turn up" didn't suit me; I must be at something.

For a few days nothing happened. I amused myself clearing a cricket-pitch and enrolling members for the Southern Crossites, who were a very decent lot.

One day a man I knew, named Blackburn, the owner of a small mine about fifteen miles out, said to me:

"Look here, if you really want a job, and are willing to tackle the work, come out to my place and do a bit of charcoal burning."

"Right oh," said I; "I don't know what it is, but I'm game to try it." I loaded up my baggage in Blackburn's buggy, and we were soon on our way. Fifteen miles the track meandered through the bush till we came to the clearing where the "mine" stood.

I WAS directed to an old camp, a couple of miles on, which was unused, and I set to work on my arrival to clean it up and make it comfortable.

It consisted of a small tent to sleep in, and a bush shed adjoining. This I lined all round with old sacks, split open and sewn together.

I built a rough table round the centre pole, and with a couple of old cases for seats and more sacks for cushions, I felt

I had "dug myself in." The cooking (if any) would be done outside.

That evening I went up to Blackburn's and had a business talk with Old John (I never knew his other name), Blackburn's manager.

Old John was a good sort. We had a

drink and a yarn with the other men on the mine—nine in all—and my job of charcoal burning was explained to me. Fairly tough it seemed; but the pay was good, which is what counted.

As I was leaving, Blackburn said: "Give him one of those kittens, John; it'll be a bit of company for him. He is sure to get lonely up in the bush."

"That's so," answered John, and so I was left with a fine little black kitten safely secured in a bag.

You see, I couldn't very well refuse this gift, coming from my new boss, and as things turned out it was a lucky thing I took that kitten with me.

THERE may be a harder job than charcoal-burning—but I don't know of one! Armed with an axe, a spade and a big rake, with a handle 12 ft. long, and my water bag, I started off into the bush at three o'clock the following morning.

In that forest of giants I had to tap their trunks and pick out the dead ones; then cut a deep ring round them, and make a bonfire at the foot. This I did to half a dozen of them, and then went home to bed and breakfast.

Well on in the afternoon I would be awakened by a terrific roar! It was the fall of the first giant, crashing through the bush and the branches of his fellows to the ground, making the most appalling and staggering report, worse than any peal of thunder I have ever heard.

This was my signal to get up and boil the billy and make a cup of tea, while at intervals I heard my other giants crash—crash—to their doom—and then—silence!

It was weird sort of work. Through the gloom and the silence I tramped, guided by the flames and the glow from the fallen monsters.

Then with my long rake I would
(Continued on page 24.)

Chips!
GOLDEN...
CRISP...
LIGHT!



Fry them in **TREX**

Fry them in TREX—and see the difference. What a glorious golden colour! What delicately crisp jackets! How light and floury inside! These are *perfect* chips! It's so easy to fry perfectly with TREX. It stands the frying temperature so well—without giving off fumes. Try it. It is a wonderful shortening, too. And a splendid fat for cakes.

HOW GOOD COOKS DO IT

Soak chips in cold water for half an hour. Dry just before frying. Heat TREX, with the frying basket in it, until a chip dropped in causes vigorous bubbling. Now put in the chips—a few at a time. They should be covered with bubbling fat. After three minutes frying, lift basket. Allow fat to heat up, then replace the chips for a further two minutes frying. Serve in open dish.

TREX IS DEFINITELY MORE DIGESTIBLE than the usual cooking fats. Many people who have to avoid dishes containing fat, find they can eat them safely when TREX is used. TREX keeps perfectly sweet for months in its clean, handy tub.

TREX



TO COOK YOUR BEST — YOU MUST USE TREX

TREX IS MANUFACTURED BY J. BIBBY & SONS, LTD., LIVERPOOL



WOULD YOU LIKE A TREX COOKERY BOOK containing 100 really useful everyday recipes? Send 2d. in stamps, to J. Bibby & Sons, Ltd., (Dept. W.11), King Edward Street, Liverpool. If you have any difficulty in obtaining TREX, write to the manufacturers, giving the name and address of your grocer.

**PALMOLIVE
SOAP**

now **3^d** PER FULL SIZE TABLET

Same Size...
Same Weight...
Same Quality...
Same Generous
Olive Oil Content

Palmolive... the world's most famous beauty soap... is now only 3d. per full-size tablet.

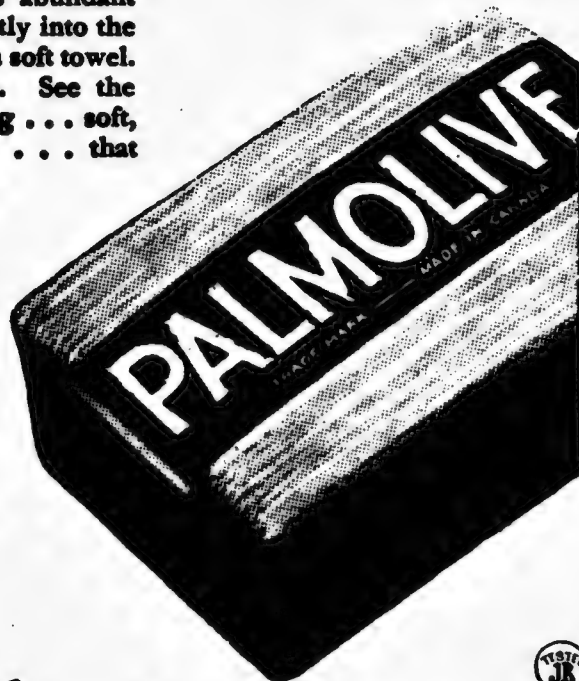
The same soap... same weight... same size... same quality... same generous olive oil content... nothing altered but the price.

Now there is no excuse for a bad complexion... the new reduced price of Palmolive enables every woman to use this beauty soap that over 20,000 beauty experts recommend.

Skin can be young... kept young... if you follow the advice of these specialists in complexion care: Use Palmolive Soap night and morning. Rub its abundant youth-giving lather gently into the pores, rinse and dry on a soft towel. Then watch your skin. See the bloom of youth glowing... soft, smooth, supple skin... that Schoolgirl Complexion.

Start to-night... use it in your bath. It lathers abundantly in the hardest water and is most economical in use.

Remember — no matter what price you pay you cannot buy a finer toilet soap than Palmolive... 3d. per full-size tablet.



Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion



To
win
your
fight
against 'flu

Start a course of SCOTT'S Emulsion immediately.

Don't wait until you feel ill, act before infection grips you. SCOTT'S Emulsion, the richest in anti-infective vitamins, maintains strength, protects the lungs and safeguards health. But it must be genuine

Scott's Emulsion

THIS IS THE
MOST
DANGEROUS
MONTH FOR
CHILDREN

Put them on

Roboleine
THE FOOD THAT BUILDS THE BODY

NOW

AND WATCH THEM IMPROVE
DAILY IN HEALTH AND STRENGTH



ROBOLEINE

Consists of
BONE MARROW
YOLK OF EGG
CREAM OF MALT
and Neutralized
LEMON JUICE

IN JARS

2/6 & 6/6
Of all Chemists.

12-DOSE SAMPLE.
ROBOLEINE, Harrogate Laboratories,
Clapham Road, London, S.W.9

Please send me a 12-dose sample. I enclose
3d. for posting and packing. (Use block letters.)

Name.....

Address.....

J.B. 26.....

scrape the lumps of charcoal from the fires and pile them into a heap, taking a pull at my water-bottle now and then.

But the hardest part of the job was still to come.

The mound of charcoal from each tree would stand about 5 ft. high; this I had to cover with earth until it was airtight.

If, when I came round the next day to examine my work I could see the smallest spiral of smoke from out of the mound I would know that my labour had been in vain, my time wasted; that instead of charcoal I should find ashes.

Yes, it was a tough job! But I made good money. If I worked hard six days a week I could pick up £15; but I didn't—no one could do that for long.

So, being entirely my own master, I introduced a practice that I find is very popular and prevalent in the West End of London to-day—I took a long weekend! Friday afternoon till Tuesday morning! And I contented myself with four days' "honest to goodness" graft.

I had no rent to pay, no rates or taxes either, and living was cheaper than I ever found it, pre-war or otherwise.

I baked dampers in the embers and boiled the billy; most of my food was tinned stuff. Now and then a bit of fresh killed mutton.

It was difficult to keep it in that climate even for a night. I used to put my "joint" in a canvas bag with a stick across to keep the sides apart, and hoist it up among the branches of a tree. There it would be sheltered from the sun and away from the flies—it didn't need a very big bag to hold my "joint"!

NOW this is where the black kitten comes into my story again. Up till now, I must confess, I had taken little notice of it, and it, in turn, had held rather aloof from me.

One evening, seated at the table in the centre of my bush shed, I was writing a letter home by the light of a kerosene lamp.

I was clad in an old pair of slacks and a cotton singlet; my feet were bare. My little black friend was curled up asleep on an empty case opposite me. It was all very still and quiet, the scratch of my pen the only sound.

Scratch, scratch went the pen, and then, suddenly, "Phit, phit" came from the little black chap.

I looked up and there he was, standing on the case with his back arched, his eyeballs glaring, his fur bristling, and his tail on end!

"Phit, phit," he went, and glared at something underneath the table. Without moving, I looked down to see what was frightening the little beggar and realised that he was trying to warn me of impending danger. For a moment I grew cold, and I think my heart missed a beat or two.

Crawling across the earthen floor and only a few inches from my bare foot was a snake!

Western Australia is a bad place for snakes; this district was full of them,

ALONE in the BUSH!

and the "dry" season always brought them into the camps after water.

The specimen now creeping towards me was a black snake, the most deadly of all. I had heard that unless immediate and most drastic remedies were available in nine cases out of ten its bite is fatal.

Nearer and nearer crept the snake, and then I felt its slimy skin slithering over my foot! Again, "Phit, phit" from Blackie, while I held on to that shaky table and sat tight.

The slightest move and the snake would have struck and then—the rest would have been "silence."

Though it seemed ages, it could only have been seconds, and I felt the clammy body pass over my foot and saw it emerge from under the table and makes its way across the floor of the hut and pass out on the other side.

Not until then did I dare to move. It was my turn now. Seizing my long-handled rake, I rushed out and soon made an end of the black brute.

I carried it back into the shed and threw it on the ground near the case on which Blackie still stood; but no, he wasn't "having any"—he only went "Phit, phit"!

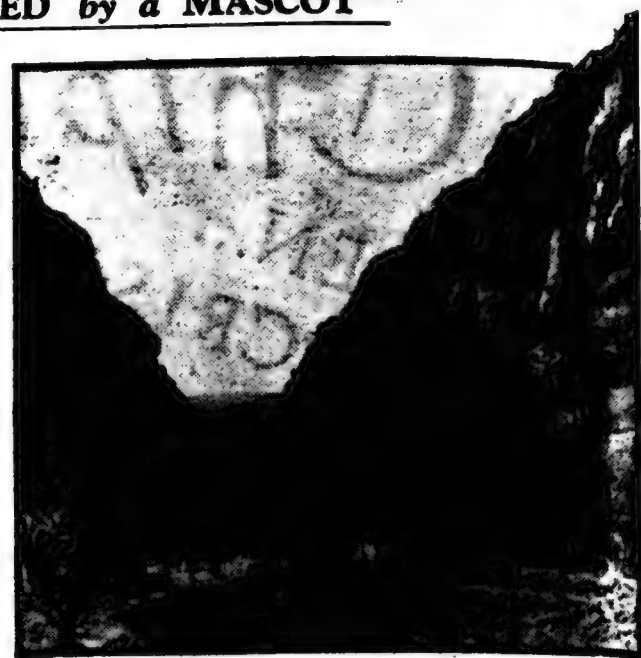
The little chap was still frightened, there was a decided arch to his back, and his tail was at least half-mast; he didn't want anything to do with Mr. Snake, dead or alive, so I stooped down and picked up the thing, drawing a yet more emphatic "Phit, phit" from pussie, and walking a little way down the track, threw it as far as I could into the bush.

TURNING to come back, I almost stumbled over something rubbing against my ankles; I looked down, and there was my little black pal, sidling round my feet as cats do, and purring loud enough to "bust" his little heart.

I picked him up and stroked him, and put him on my shoulder, and together we went back to camp. I knew that his timely warning had saved my life.

I didn't feel like finishing my letter, or anything else for the matter of that—it just seemed an "occasion."

On the slightest provocation a bush-man boils his billy, so I boiled mine and



A typical scene in the Australian bush

got supper ready, while my dusky pal sat on his box and "sang" to me.

Happy thought—a fresh tin of condensed milk for my lucky mascot, and, all rules and regulations cast to the winds, his saucer on the table alongside me, instead of on the floor!

That night, soon after I turned in, I felt him, for the first time, climb up on to my trestle bed, curl himself up and go to sleep.

I let him lie there. There was a new intimacy between us.

The loneliness of the bush had gone.

YEARS have passed since all this happened. I am writing on just an ordinary table, not a home-made one, in a very ordinary flat, not in a bush camp in a great forest.

But as I look up for a moment I see a black kitten on the fender stool, and my thoughts wander.

His back isn't arched, his fur doesn't bristle, and his tail isn't hoisted, but my eyes seek the floor—for a bare half-second I gasp—but no, thank heaven, it's all right—there's no snake there!

NEXT WEEK: A reader tells of a thrilling escape from death in an avalanche.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slip."

SCOTTISH DAILY EXPRESS:—"The famous critic had hardly turned into the foulest of these alleys when he stopped, AMELLSOUND."

THE SURPRISE:—"The LORRY OF THE ENGINE was running."

WIMBLEDON BORO' NEWS:—"The evidence given at the previous hearing was read over, and WET-SEROT. — corroborated."

WALSALL TIMES AND SOUTH STAFFS ADVERTISER:—"You're an awful food and as obstinate as a mule."

MIRFIELD REPORTER:—"The Mirfield Cricket Field Bowling Club was granted permission to use the BOWING GREEN."

HEREFORD TIMES:—"An entry of 86 fat cattle included some grand bullocks and heifers, the top price being 43s. per acre."

STAFFORDSHIRE CHRONICLE:—"Not only is aluminium light and easy to use, it is also one of the hardest MEALS."

NORTH-EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE:—"The liner is now being towed to Cherbourg INSTEAD OF FRANCE."

BIGGLESWADE CHRONICLE:—"The horse was driving a wagon and had been left unattended."

EVENING WORLD:—"New magistrates appointed include FIRE WOMEN."

TELEGRAPH AND ARGUS:—"Dozens of THAMES are situated in the 75 acres of ground in the depot."

FALKIRK MAIL:—"Pipe Major — played on the BAG-PIES for the Highland dancers."

EMPIRE NEWS:—"Eight hundred and seventy-three independent petitions for divorce are down for LEEKING."

PEARSON'S WEEKLY:—"The cow scratched his back vigorously on the side of the 'bus'."

A Call to Alms

The
"Greatest
of These—"
Fund

PEOPLE'S hearts are wrung every now and again by reading in their daily papers of some tragedy caused through poverty, such as that of the mother who stinted herself to feed her children, caught pneumonia, and succumbed while bathing her babies.

Because the fund is brought into touch day by day with families in much the same predicament, we beseech each individual reader to send us donations in order that we may avert some such pitiful breakdown of a mother or father.

Here are a few of those recently helped: An ex-Service man and ex-miner, now earning as a casual worker 16s. a week, on which to support himself, wife and four young children—one in hospital.

A mother with two babies who has fled from the persistent cruelty of her husband to herself and the children, needing help until she can get redress.

An ex-Service man out of work for months, ineligible for unemployment pay, who implored for help because his wife was expecting her first baby, and nothing coming in, wrote in thanks for a grant: "You will understand the relief you have given us when I tell you that my wife was delivered of twins this week-end. We had neither food, fire nor light in the house."

The wife of an ex-Service man who went to Canada in the hope of building up a home, and has not been heard of since, who has to maintain herself and two children on 17s. a week, writes:

"I received your good help the other day just as I was going to the employment exchange. I met the postman, who pulled me up and said, 'I have a registered letter for you.'"

"I cannot tell you in this letter how I felt, for I had not a cent on me, and I had borrowed 2s. two days before for a bit of food and it was all gone again."

An unemployed ex-Service man trying to keep himself, wife and six young children on 35s. 3d. a week—three of the children ill.

A widow suffering from heart trouble endeavouring to keep herself and two young children (one in consumption) on 18s. a week.

Many such hard cases have to go unrelieved for lack of funds, and we shall be grateful if our readers will this week send donations for the fund generally, which should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

SAVE MONEY!-BUY DATES NOW

FROM
2¹/₂ lb.

★ Block Dates have the most nutrition. They are scrupulously clean, being packed under Government supervision.

Millions live on Dates—

the cheapest form of real nourishment

Dates are both fruit and food. In the East, Dates make the entire meal. In England they form a valuable addition. Full of sugar, Dates sweeten puddings or cakes in which they are used. They build up strength and act as a natural laxative. Dates give

body warmth and so make the ideal winter 'sweet' for children. Buy a pound of this excellent fruit while prices are so low. Remember: 1 lb. of Block Dates contains as much food value as 1 lb. of beef.

★ MAKE THIS DELICIOUS 'UP-TO-DATE' ROLY POLY

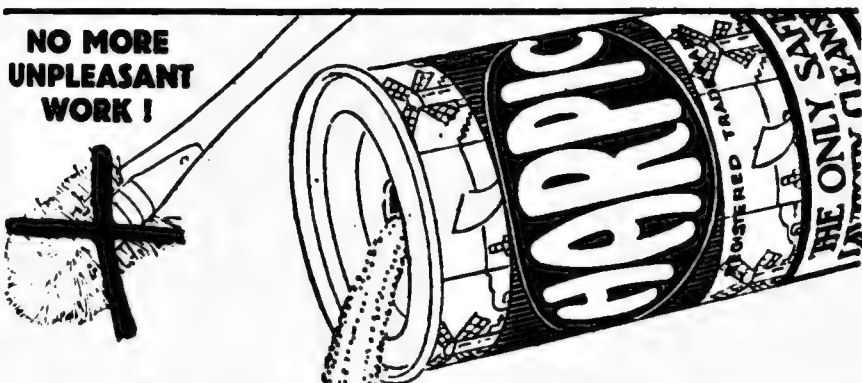
COST 8d.—PLENTY FOR 8 PEOPLE

1 lb. STONED AND CHOPPED DATES. 1 lb. FLOUR.
1 lb. FINELY CHOPPED SUET. 1 TEASPOONFUL OF SALT.
ENOUGH MILK TO MIX TO A DOUGH.

Mix all dry ingredients together in a basin, then add enough milk to form stiff 'dough.' Mixture should then be formed into a roll and wrapped in pudding cloth which has been scalded and floured, tying loosely at each end to allow pudding to swell. Boil for 1½ hours.

Ask your Fruiterer or Grocer for further Money-Saving Recipes.

**NO MORE
UNPLEASANT
WORK!**



A clean and sanitary
lavatory-pan is ensured
by a regular
sprinkle of
HARPIC



HARPIC thoroughly cleanses the lavatory-pan, and also the bend in the pipe where a brush cannot reach. It thus removes the cause of odours. Harpic destroys germs, since its disinfectant power is greater even than that of carbolic.

In 6d., 1/- and 1/9 tins at Grocers, Chemists, Ironmongers and Stores. Send 6d. in stamps for useful Home Book to Dept. P.2, Harpic Mfg. Co. Ltd., Hull.

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

**764
PRIZES
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LIMERICKS
£50**

**1ST PRIZE £50
2ND PRIZE £5
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10
PRIZES OF £1 EACH
50
10/- POSTAL ORDERS
200 Parcels
of DIPLOMA DAINTIES
500
2/6 POSTAL ORDERS



*Said a jolly old Tar of Tor Bay,
"I'm just ninety-nine years old to-day:
I ascribe my long life
To the fact that my wife*

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire, or

Dunlop), or label from 'Diploma' Milk, 'Coronet' Milk, 'Regal' Milk, or 'Moonraker' Empire Cheese. Send as many attempts as you like, which may all be written on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to

Competition (Dept. 7)

WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE.

Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than Friday, February 17, 1933.
Result: A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor.

DIPLOMA The **ENGLISH** **CRUSTLESS** **CHEESE**

D. 245

**Stop that Cold
with**

VAPEX
TRADE MARK
INHALANT

Simply put a drop of "Vapex" on your handkerchief and breathe the germ killing vapour which rises from it. This vapour becomes stronger and stronger as you inhale. You can feel it penetrating and clearing all the passages of the nose and throat.

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

**Zubes ease your throat
and make you GLOW**



'GO-suck a ZUBE'

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best medical
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PHILIP INMAN finds "friends" for—

Three Lonely PEOPLE

A MY MOLLISON, the intrepid airwoman, begins a chapter of her thrilling life story with these words: "Loneliness is an almost unendurable misery. I know, for I have experienced it. I felt it in Australia when outwardly my life was a triumphal procession."

How impossible it sounds. The girl who was almost "killed by kindness"—lonely! The girl who was fêted and fussed and mobbed by multitudes—suffering "unendurable misery."

Why, it sounds ridiculous. And yet many others have had the same experience. It is possible to be utterly, desperately lonely in the midst of the biggest city in the world. With crowds swarming all round, one can feel as isolated as Robinson Crusoe on his desert island.

My postbag tells of many of these lonely souls. Letters come from those who are destined to live amongst uncongenial surroundings or have to work away from their homes and their loved ones. Let me deal with some of these cases.

The first comes from a young woman who tells me that she is a Londoner born and bred. Some time ago the firm for which she works moved into the country and she was asked to go with it. The alternative was losing her job. In these days of unemployment she chose the country. And now she writes:

* * *
"The life is very quiet, and with the exception of the pictures and a few dances there is absolutely nothing to do. Nothing of a broadening character, I mean. When I lived in town Saturdays and Sundays could not come round quickly enough nor last long enough. There was always something to do, people to see, ideas to exchange. Now my spare time hangs heavily on my hands."

"There are few companions of my own age, and even those are interested only in local affairs—births, deaths, marriages, the parish bazaar, the annual flower show and so on. There is nothing to which I can belong. I feel absolutely isolated and dread sinking into a rut."

* * *
I sympathise with this correspondent. Her work has taken her away from her natural surroundings, her interests and her friends, and her feeling of isolation is perfectly understandable. But I do not think it is incurable.

Let me ask her a question: Has she ever imagined what life in the country was like a hundred years ago? Scarcely any trains. Certainly no buses. Irregular posts. Unreliable newspapers. No cinema. No broadcasting. To the town-bred person it must have spelt burial alive.

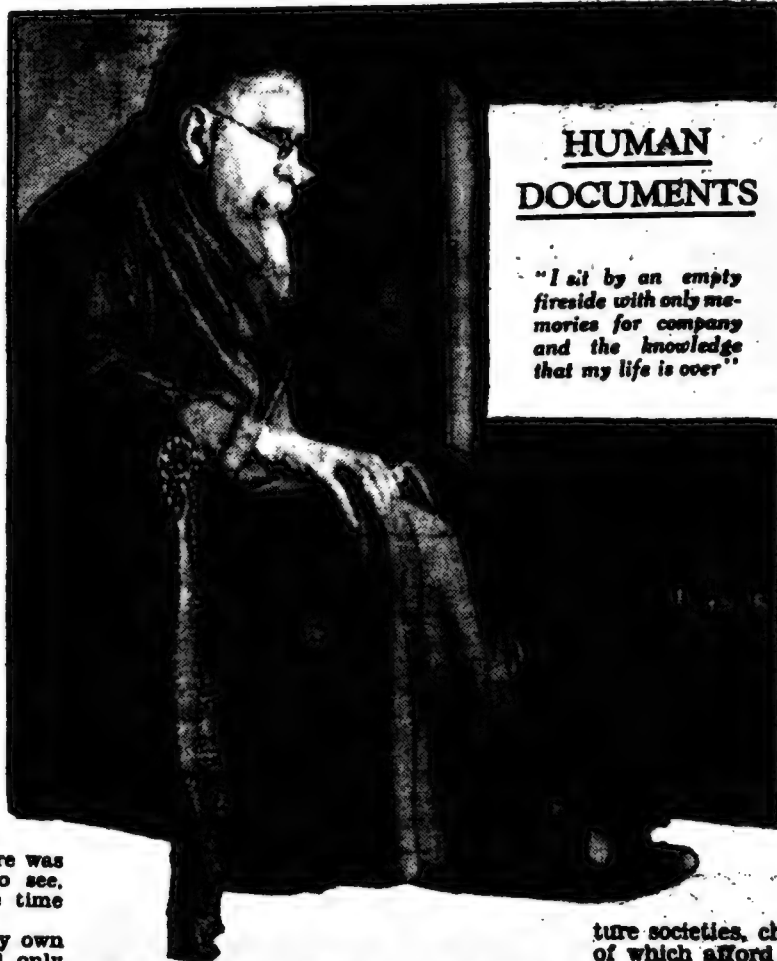
Then, indeed, my correspondent's mental loneliness would have been difficult to overcome. As it is, she lives in an age when it is difficult to find a village which is not linked up with its nearest town by a fast and frequent service of buses.

To-day, cinemas and broadcasting give the country person every opportunity of knowing as much about what is going on in the most distant corner of the world as the average town-dweller.

In broadcasting alone my correspondent has a mental tonic for every mood at almost any hour. There are talks on innumerable subjects by distinguished men and women, reviews of the latest books, lessons in foreign languages, plays, concerts, and so on through the whole range of human activities.

With a university, a theatre and a concert platform at hand simply by pressing a knob, I do not think my correspondent need fear "sinking into a rut." But all these things, whilst they may compensate, cannot solve the problem of the girl who loves town life and is forced to live in the country.

There is only one practical solution, and that is for her to find other work in the town she loves. If there are no



HUMAN DOCUMENTS

"I sit by an empty
fireside with only me-
mories for company
and the knowledge
that my life is over"

openings in her own line, let me suggest that her enforced stay in the country should give her the opportunity of equipping herself for some other mode of life.

My second letter paints the other side of the picture. It is from a Devonshire girl who finds herself transported to London. This is what she says:

"Ever since I was a small child it was my ambition to live in London. A year ago that wish was realised when I married. My husband is manager of a department in a large store, we are comfortably off and everything to each other. But there is one thing which threatens to ruin my happiness. I hate town life. My husband is out all day and, once I have got through the work of our tiny

Philip Inman is JOHN BULL's "Humanist." He is anxious to help readers to solve their problems. Write to him at the offices of JOHN BULL and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. £1 ls. is paid for each letter quoted.

flat, there is absolutely nothing to do. From nine till six I am alone. I know very few people and the time drags terribly. My husband would be very upset if he knew how I felt, and I do not want to grumble, as in these days of so much want and misery I consider myself very lucky. Is there anything I can do, for this loneliness is getting on my nerves?"

* * *
Now let us consider my correspondent's position. Her husband's work is in London. She knew that when she married him. But, contrary to every expectation, she finds she detests town life. She is alone most of the day in her flat.

This very loneliness threatens to rob her health and to ruin her happiness. And not only hers, but her husband's as well. The longer it continues, the more intense it will become. She will grow discontented. Eventually it will blind her to the comforts of her

home and the goodness of her husband.

She must, therefore, overcome it at all costs. My advice is that she looks for some work which will bring her into contact with people. There is any amount of welfare work begging for voluntary assistance. Helping others is a sure way of forgetting one's own troubles.

Here are a few suggestions that will probably help all those who are similarly placed. Every political party has its women's section, where intelligent folk meet to talk over everyday problems. Attached to almost every church or chapel there are social activities.

The hospitals have ladies' committees and voluntary helpers are always welcome. Then there are lec-

ture societies, choirs, rambling clubs, all of which afford company for those who feel themselves to be friendless.

My third correspondent is suffering from a different and deeper form of loneliness. His letter reads:

* * *
"I am an old man who feels very much alone. My wife is dead, my children all married and scattered over the world. My son in Canada has offered me a home, but I am too old to settle in a new land. I am well looked after by the people with whom I lodge and my health is comparatively good. But every evening I sit by an empty fireside with only memories for company and the knowledge that my life is over."

* * *
As I read this letter I recall to mind an old man who used to come to my hospital every visiting day. He had no particular friend or relative ill, but he would chat to those who had no visitors. One day, somebody asked him the reason for his visits.

And this is what he answered: "I come here because I am a lonely old man, and as I sit here I watch the lame, the halt and the blind brought in."

"After I have gazed upon some of these tragic sights, I get up and I go home, although it is to an empty fireside, thankful that if I am alone, I at least have left with me my faculties and my reason."

There is a lot of philosophy in what this old man says. A good many of us grumble about our lot. But sometimes it is well to reverse the process and adopt the attitude of the old Puritans and count our blessings.

My correspondent, for instance, has much to be thankful for—a good home and good health. I could talk to him about men's clubs and various mediums of forming friendships. I am not going to do so.

I am going to suggest to him and to all lonely old folk that they go to their nearest lending library and borrow a book by A. C. Benson called "The Thread of Gold." In it there is a chapter on "Growing Old." It contains words which are amongst the most helpful and beautiful I know.

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Bottles—1 oz. 7d., 2 oz. 1/1, 4 oz. 1/11, 8 oz. 3/6, 16 oz. 5/6.

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CUBES 1d
dissolve instantly



regds (70d)

BIB & BRACE 6/6

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Why are BOLENIUM OVERALLS so cheap?

Because of the special wear-resisting greaseproof material, stronger where the strain comes; all seams double sewn with 16 boot thread; buttons detachable for washing; and the new patented Non-Slip Brace Buckle—because of these features



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Bolenium Overalls are cheaper in the long run and smarter and more comfortable all the time. Ask your outfitter or write for name of nearest stockist.



BOLENIUM

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Super-Overalls

Worn by the man who knows



Bourn-vita is the better bedtime beverage because—

1. Cadburys invented a low-temperature process for Bourn-vita which preserves practically all the vitamins. (High temperatures used in ordinary methods of food manufacture destroy vitamins.)
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modern science says you cannot benefit fully from anything you do not enjoy. In no other department of research has knowledge progressed so rapidly of recent years as in the study of food values. That is why Cadburys have been able to produce this *better* bedtime beverage which is so wonderfully effective in soothing you to sleep.



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NEW LIFE FOR HAIR

"Dead" Hair Roots Rare.
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"Had Big Bald Patch"
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Thousands of men and women have regrown fine new heads of hair by using Kotalko. It regrows the hair because it frees the scalp from hair-stifling scurf and poisonous and malodorous grease, softening the hardening scalp and restoring its healthful circulation, reviving new and vigorous life and growth in the sleeping hair-roots.

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Almost at once you will feel new life and hair-growth-activity in your scalp. Surprisingly quickly you will see new hair growing through the scalp. Simply carry on with Kotalko (True Hair-Grower) and Kotalko Scalp Soap as directed. Any thin or bald places will soon be re-covered with new and vigorously healthy hair rich in its natural colouring. After the hair has grown an inch or more in length try to pull out one of the new hairs slowly. You will not be able to do this. The hair will be too strongly rooted to break or pull away from its hair-follicle. See, too, how luxuriantly thick and rich in colouring it will be. There's no falling, brushing, combing or pulling out of such vigorous strong and healthy new hair.

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Only 12— and I Led a STRIKE

I HAVE had a long life and a crowded one. To look back down the years and say: This was my greatest hour, or that, is not easy. Yet I can recall mine vividly, even to-day, though it happened more than half a century ago, when I was twelve years old.

Until I was ten I had lived with my father and mother in Cefnbeed, Denbighshire. My mother was the village school-mistress, my father a moulder.

Bad times came, and for me they meant the end of a life spent running wild and happy in the mountains and the valleys.

The new life that opened out before us was one of hunger and meanness amid surroundings too dreadful to describe. Yet Little Lever, the mining village near Bolton, to which my father moved his family, was merely typical of hundreds like it.

I saw little children with wan faces and spindle legs in streets into which no sunlight penetrated. I learned that at thirteen they went into the steaming factories to work long hours for five shillings a week.

And then I was told that I, too, must work. The law forbade my going into a factory; but it did not mind my going down the mines.

So down the mines I went as a pony boy.

Think how I felt, so used to the clean, bright country air, the wind off the hills, the music of birds and running streams.

I had been in Paradise and now, my heaven gone, I realised that the world, after all, was not so well ordered, so justly ordained.

* * *

In the mine we pony boys worked long hours for little money. We were often cuffed, often kicked, sometimes cruelly beaten. I had not been long in this environment before I could not believe that God meant men to treat their kind like that.

In my Welsh soul, I supposed I was steeped in Nature worship and my image of God was of Him Who created that beauty. I could not believe that the misery of Little Lever was His will or doing.

So I became a rebel.

I am still a rebel. I shall always be one.

Why, I used to ask myself, as I sweated in the mine, naked to the waist, and generally hungry, was I made to live so harsh and joyless a life? Why,

Race with
"Silver Ring"

I CANNOT see any blot on the Lincoln Handicap, unless it is Inverman, who has got in with 8 st. 9 lb.

At Liverpool, last November, Inverman gave Dorigen 3 lb. and a neck beating, and now the Stanley House filly has to concede 6 lb.

Totalg and Alluvial, my early fancies, are both fairly treated with 8 st. 10 lb., and I should think his trainer is quite satisfied with the 7 st. 13 lb. allotted to Eyes Front. Providing he keeps well, Eyes Front will carry one of my modest wagers next month.

Mixing up the horses for "doubles" is not an easy task, and as to couple them all would necessitate too many investments, I suggest:

National.	Lincoln.
Heartbreak Hill.	Eyes Front.
Kellsboro' Jack.	Totalg.
Coup de Chapeau.	Alluvial.
Ruin.	Inverman.

in my GREATEST HOUR

day by day, I asked myself was I denied the sunshine and the food I once took for granted? Why had I no remedy against the men who struck me and my little mates, no champion, no court to which I could appeal?

So the day came when I conceived my great project and steered myself to action.

When our shift was done, I called my little mates together under the shelter of an arch and, standing on a box, I began to make a speech to them.

It was probably a very bad speech, as speeches go. But it had the saving grace, maybe, of all utterance that comes from the heart.

I pointed out our wrongs, how we were made to work beyond our strength, were kicked and struck without provocation, received a shameful pittance in exchange for our youth.

Well, they listened attentively and I could see that what I said was merely what all had been thinking. What they had lacked was leadership. It is often like that where injustices are inflicted on the people.

But I was steered to my purpose and had only one fear—that they would not follow me.

"Well, all that's true," they cried, "we all know about that. But what can we do?"

That was my moment. I said: "We can do as the men do. We can strike."

At first the very idea appalled them, poor kiddies, so used to blows and to a harsh authority, so used, too, to the grim realities of life.

But there was no going back then. I felt that I must make them follow my lead. They talked in groups. Fear was my opponent then, and I knew it. But Fear went down in defeat.

We pit boys called a strike, and to

A "tub boy" in an Ashington colliery



by the Rev.
Herbert Dunnico,
Ex-Deputy-Speaker of the
House of Commons

this day I can recall the glow of pride that thrilled me when I declared it.

The result of our united courage was a useful object-lesson to me—and one I have never forgotten—of the value of joint action for a common purpose.

At first the mine manager thought we merely needed a hiding. But he soon changed his mind when he saw we stood firm.

Now, a pit-boy is an insignificant-looking little grub, and his function below ground is fairly simple (though not so simple as you might suppose).

Humble our functions might be, but, band of mere boy rebels against injustice and tyranny that we were, we closed down that mine!

At the end of the second day we got our way and returned to work with better hours and better pay, and less physical abuses.

Yes, that, I reckon, was the greatest hour of my life.

It definitely set me in the direction I have since followed. I swore that as long as I lived I would set my face against a system that destroyed the lives of men and women and little children.

And I have never looked back.

* * *

Not long ago, when I was Deputy-Speaker of the House of Commons, a Lancashire mining leader reminded me of an incident I had almost forgotten.

It was when we were on strike. He had come to us to convert us to obedience. He bullied and threatened and cursed at us. Yes, as he recalled in the House of Commons my boyhood strike leadership, I lived my hour again.

A boy or man might strike without just cause, and the experience would be but a small event in his life. But with me it was a pledging and a dedication.

That hour was, I think, the turning point of my life. If I had to live my life again, I hope I should act as I did then.

Men, they say, when they become old, take the world as they find it, retire from the fray.

But not men like me. I organised and carried through a strike when I was a mere boy. I would do the same again in my ninetieth year, provided I believed firmly in the justice of the cause.

Long-Shot Doubles

The Motspur Handicap Chase, run at Hurst Park this week-end, features a number of Grand National horses. Golden Miller should win, but Remus, who is coming on by leaps and bounds, will make Miss Paget's 'chaser gallop. For the Saturday "double" I suggest Thrumster and Jukwa.

"SILVER RINGS" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, February 9, to Wednesday, February 15.

O A Q C 33 B 94 M F X E R 98 T F

S K H J I 95 E D V Y 97 L W N 96 G

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below.

FWKAZ94 would read GRACLE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. KJ2WK would read ACCRA.

Better than ever
this way

Here is a new idea for PUDDINGS



Apple Pudding Recipe
1 lb. flour, with 1/2 teaspoonful of
baking powder and a pinch of salt.
4 oz. Stork. Cold water to mix.
Rub the Stork into the flour and
mix with cold water to a stiff dry
paste. Roll out on a floured board,
and line and cover basin filled with
sliced apple and sugar. Flavour
with lemon rind and 1/2 teaspoonful
of cinnamon. Boil for 2 1/2 hours, or
steam 3 hours.

THIS pud-
ding won't be
received as many
new puddings are—
"Very nice. But I
like Jam Roly-Poly!"
For this is an old fami-
liar pudding made in a
new way — with Stork.
Make your Apple Pud-
ding crust with Stork
and steam it as usual.
The crust is light and
fluffy, and tastes very
good. Or try making a
Baked Lemon Pudding

with Stork. It's
crisp outside and crumb-
ly and buttery inside, and
smells deliciously of
lemon as soon as you
cut into it. Stork makes
puddings *nourishing*;
and since children never
need persuading to eat
pudding, your family
gets perfectly well fed
without any coaxing.

STORK

MARGARINE 8^d per pound

4 FOODS IN 1



“One certainly has choice of several kinds of such drinks,
but there is one obstacle to them all, the price. The price
of 7 1/2d. is, I am sure, within the means of very modest in-
comes. Your Malted Milk Cocoa has filled a long-felt want
in this family.”

MRS. W. M. E. C., King's Langley, Herts

The most nourishing food you can drink

FRY'S MALTED MILK COCOA

WITH EGGS

7 1/2
PER 1/2 LB.

DOUBLE SIZE 1/2 1 1/2 SIZE 2/2 These prices do not apply in the Irish Free State

LARGE FREE sample

Please PIN a 1/2d. stamp (which is less
than half the cost of packing and postage)
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LETTERS and post to J. S. FRY & SONS
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STREET, BRISTOL. Only one sample to
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NOT stick it. J.B. 11/2/33

Name.....
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Please seal your envelope and use a 1/2d.
stamp. This offer is available for residents
in Great Britain and Northern Ireland only

Too Often Unsuspected!

"Every Picture tells a Story."



A great danger of kidney weakness is that it often gains a firm hold before the sufferer knows the cause of his illness.

BUT CERTAIN COMMON symptoms can be easily recognised. Backache, dizzy attacks, headaches, urinary irregularities, getting up at nights, are all good reasons to suspect weak kidneys.

Doans Backache Kidney Pills will soon put an end to the trouble. This special kidney tonic strengthens the weakened kidneys and in this way overcomes rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, renal dropsy or bladder weakness.

"Nine Weeks from Work"

"Sciatica and lumbago came on suddenly, compelling me to take to bed," said Mr. A. Circuit, 78b, Cyclops Street, Sheffield, on 15th December, 1909. "For nine weeks I was scarcely able to move. The pains down my legs and in my back were almost unbearable. I tried to get about with a stick, but soon had to give up."

"My neighbours began to think I would never be well again. Fortunately, I used Doans Backache Kidney Pills; they were just what I needed to put me right. I keep well now, although I am out in all weathers."

On 6th June, 1932, Mr. Circuit said: "I attribute my good health to Doans Pills. They are indeed a splendid remedy."

(Signed)
A. Circuit."

Of all Dealers
1/3 3/- 5/-.

Refuse substitutes. Insist upon



LITTLE-KNOWN FACTS ABOUT INDIGESTION

Sufferers from indigestion do not realise that their trouble is usually due to excess stomach acid which ferments food, causes distension and gives rise to pain and uncomfortable feelings of fullness. The only sure way of overcoming digestive trouble is to neutralise the acidity which causes it. This can be achieved in a remarkably quick and efficient manner by taking a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia after meals or when pain is felt. Not only does 'Bisurated' Magnesia instantly relieve all discomfort but it also soothes, heals and protects the inflamed stomach lining. Doctors recommend this reliable stomach remedy and hospitals use it. Ask your chemist for a 1s. 3d. bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia—there is no better, quicker or surer remedy for indigestion.

STILL Cheating the WAR VICTIMS

by
SYLVIA Pankhurst
Chairman of the
Workers' National
Health Council

BROKEN men, pensioners or inadequately pensioned, come to our doors peddling brushes and buttons. We see them grinding organs in the gutter—victims of the Great War who seem to have been forgotten.

I often hear from them. They write to me from all parts of the world, sometimes with a plea for help, sometimes only to convey a word of remembrance for my efforts to help them during the war, or more often still to express their earnest sympathy with my propaganda against war.

The Workers' National Health Council, of which I am chairman, has brought to it many hard cases of ex-Servicemen and their families. Amongst them are many disabled men who were either refused pensions or received small terminal gratuities or meagre doles for a short period. Some of them managed to work intermittently, but advancing years and increasing illness have resulted in total collapse at last.

A typical case is that of J. B., who was barely eighteen when the war broke out. He enlisted in the King's Royal Rifles in October, 1914. He was blown up and terribly wounded in 1917, and on leaving hospital was transferred to the base, and although declared unfit for further active service he was not discharged until 1919.

He had then a bullet in the left lung which caused chronic bronchitis. His hearing was also permanently injured, so that it was, and still is, impossible for him to maintain an ordinary conversation—a serious handicap to obtaining any employment.

Inhuman Ministry

Like many others, he was discharged without pension and never received any compensation for his deafness, but in 1920 he was given a "final award" in respect of the chronic bronchitis. The bullet, which has lately travelled some distance in the poor man's body, was never extracted. The bronchitis, a disability for life, has increased steadily, and of late he has suffered acutely from pains in his back.

He was often away from work ill, and since October, 1931, when he was obliged to cease work as a builder's labourer on this account, he has been unfit to follow any occupation.

In the following December a radiograph taken in a general hospital revealed the bullet still in his body. A month later the bullet was similarly located by a radiograph taken in a military hospital.

Nevertheless, he has been refused both pension and treatment to restore him to working capacity. The Pensions Authorities declare that his claim on account of bronchitis was statutorily closed when his final award was granted. For his deafness they refused any compensation. The official correspondence reveals a cold inhumanity.

When the man was summoned for medical examination to determine whether he should have pension for his deafness, his wife had to write that he was too acutely ill with bronchitis to rise from his bed, but that he would present himself as soon as he was able.

Officialdom's deaf ear

The official scribe replied:

"You were called for medical examination on November 28 last, but you declined to attend. . . . Unless you are willing to report for medical examination, no further action can be taken for your benefit."

With such impertinences these poor fellows are too often treated, as I know from long experience.

An all too common hardship is that of the widows who are deprived of pension because the husband's death occurs either wholly or in part from some other cause than that for which he was pensioned. The injustice is the greater because, in most cases, through the husband's long incapacity to follow any employment, he has not been able to obtain any pension.

band's long incapacity to follow any employment, he has not been able to get the stamps to qualify his life's partner for a widow's pension under the Contributory Pensions Act.

* * *

W. G. H., of Plymouth, was an old soldier who enlisted so long ago as 1894, when he was only sixteen years of age. The Army had the best of him; he did service in Malta, India and Gibraltar, and in France during the war. On enlistment his heart and lungs were declared "healthy."

He was wounded in Malta, but afterwards found fit for service in Gibraltar. In 1913 he had his first attack of bronchitis, and was treated in a military hospital. He was passed as physically fit for service in the Great War and sent to France.

In November, 1916, he had acute bronchitis, and after being transferred here and there for this complaint, was classified "permanent base," and finally discharged in January, 1919. He then claimed pension for bronchitis and valvular disease of the heart, and was awarded a small pension for the former disability.

His condition became worse, and, after a great deal of trouble, his pension was increased to the 30 per cent. rate, but no treatment was accorded.

Widow's distress

Anyone who reads the reports of his case delivered by the Medical Referee, which record the progressive inroads of the disease and the deterioration in the unfortunate sufferer's condition, must agree that the Medical Board which adjudicated with these reports before it was harshly mean in confining the pension to this narrow limit.

The man suffered chronically and was only able to work intermittently.

In December, 1931, the doctor who had attended him constantly since 1924 sent him to hospital with "bronchial pneumonia and bronchitis." Whilst in hospital he was operated on for carcinoma, or cancer, of the larynx.

Six days later he died. The immediate and primary cause of death was certified by the hospital authorities to be "bronchial pneumonia and bronchitis"; the secondary cause "carcinoma of the larynx." There was no post-mortem.

The widow's claim to pension was refused by the Ministry of Pensions on the ground that pension could only be granted to her "if her husband's death had been 'wholly' due to the condition of bronchitis for which he was pen-



The "men in blue" were heroes then; now, apparently, they are considered merely encumbrances by an inhuman Ministry

sioned," such condition "having resulted directly from his war service."

In defiance of the certificates given by the doctors who attended him, the Ministry, in order to avoid awarding a pension to his widow, declared that "death was preponderantly due" to cancer of the larynx, which, it was declared, "was not the result of war service."

The widow, therefore, gets no pension and is thrown penniless upon the world.

I want, however, to put the whole question of widows' pensions on a higher plane, and to urge that in all cases a war pension shall be paid to the widow after a pensioner's death. If the man was not actually drawing pension, but a disability accepted as having been connected with service is a contributory cause of death, the widow should certainly receive a pension.

The question of whether a pension was in issue at the date of death, as is the case now, should not be taken into account.

No quibbling!

We all know from experience that the great sufferers from chronic and permanent disabilities do not, as a rule, finally succumb to these, but to some passing ailment which proves the last straw which the enfeebled organism cannot bear.

The principle and the justice of the case is clear. These unfortunate men and their wives, eking out an invalid's existence on scanty means, have endured untold suffering and hardship from which the more healthy and prosperous members of the community are exempt. There should be no question of quibbling about the cause of death.

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After Influenza get back your strength quickly with Hall's Wine

INFLUENZA, or maybe Cold after Cold, have left you weak and depressed. How thankful you would be for something that would really lift that depression and give you back your strength. How thankful you would be for Hall's Wine! Instead of dragging on for months, trying to throw off your weakness and dreadful depression, a bottle or two of Hall's Wine would put you on your feet again—well and strong in a week or two.

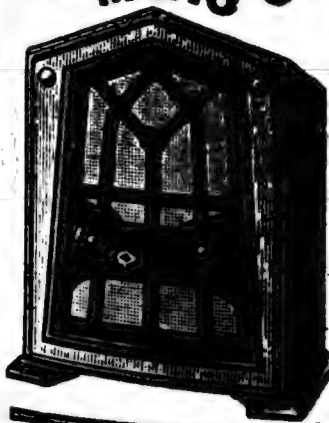
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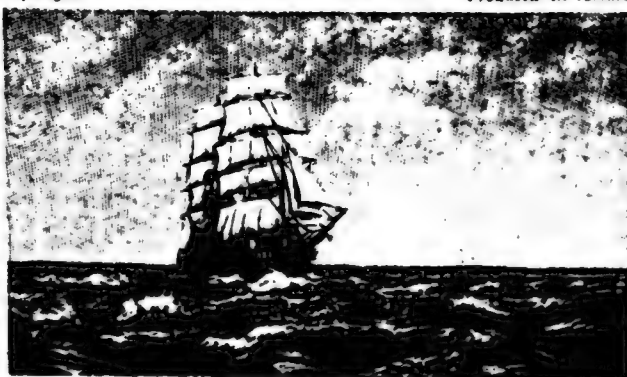
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ended after many
remedies had failed.

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Even the most obstinate cough, sore throat or bronchial trouble can be instantly eased and quickly conquered by 'Pineate' Honey Syrup. A Surrey clergyman writes:—

"I purchased a bottle of 'Pineate' Honey Syrup in the hope that it might benefit my wife who was suffering from a severe form of bronchitis, which ordinary remedies and even three months of change of air (sea and country) had failed to cure. The first bottle gave great relief and the second completed the cure.

Only a sufferer from acute bronchial trouble can fully appreciate its worth."
(Signed) Revd. G.H.B. Surrey.

You can feel the very first dose of 'Pineate' Honey Syrup doing you good; its warming antiseptic vapours permeate the throat, chest and lungs; harmful germs are destroyed, "tickling" and irritation are allayed, soreness is soothed, obstinate phlegm is moved and the breathing passages are quickly cleared. Get from your chemist to-day a 1/6d. bottle of 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup and rid yourself of your cough quickly and surely.

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to keep them Clean and Sweet

Immersion in an antiseptic solution is not enough. A sprinkle of Kolynos Denture Powder, a brisk brush and a good rinse ensures absolute cleanliness and the complete removal of all stains, without damaging or weakening either gold or vulcanite plate. Of all Chemists.

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KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER

"THEY'VE taken him to hospital!"
Just a fragment of conversation you may overhear at any hour of the day, in any home and any street of any great city. It may be spoken by a wife about her husband, by a mother about her son, by any woman about any wage-earner.

Most often you hear it in working-class districts, where serious illness is always a calamity which upsets the hard but even grind of life, and neighbourly sympathy is swift and sincere.

"Poor fellow! I'm so sorry for him!"
Poor fellow? Poor he may be in his daily walk of life, poor in the meagre money he works so hard to gain and expends as quickly as he earns it on the support of his wife and family, but we should not be in too great a hurry to commiserate with him over having gone to hospital.

Poor? He is a millionaire! At least, he comes nearer being a millionaire when he goes into hospital than he has ever been before or is ever likely to be again, with everything at his beck and call that only a millionaire in private life could hope to command, if he were stricken with some serious malady.

Modern miracle

How often do we stop to think, in our eagerness to express sympathy with one who has gone to hospital, all that lies behind the familiar phrase?

Every hour of the day and night, week by week and month by month, patients are received into the great hospitals, and from the moment of their reception, all the marvellous resources of modern medical science, the most skilled and famous physicians and surgeons, the most highly-trained nurses, the most complete domestic organisation conceivable, are placed at their disposal.

The modern hospital is one of the miracles of the age. Just take a look at any great hospital, and you must marvel at the thought that such a thing is possible and practicable, and not merely a dream of fiction, entertaining to read but impossible to accomplish.

First the consulting physicians and surgeons, distinguished men, titled and decorated with magnificent stars and crosses of orders of chivalry, men who, in their Harley Street consulting rooms, are usually approached to the accompaniment of a crackle of crisp five-pound notes, whose fees for performing operations run into three figures. At the hospitals they do it all for nothing!

Next, the resident medical and surgical staff.

One resident medical officer, who knows every twist and turn of the way of life, and every path back from the glowering gates of death.

One obstetric officer, who looks after mothers and children, and ushers into the world the babies who might have arrived in so vastly different surroundings.

"A grand parade"

Two casualty officers, ready for any emergency that may befall the wayfarer.

One resident anaesthetist, prepared at any time to numb into sweet unconsciousness of pain those upon whom wounds must be inflicted that they may have health, and have it more abundantly.

Eleven house physicians and surgeons, who have the patients in their constant care day and night, and receive as honorarium for their devotion to suffering humanity less than a pound a week!

Then the nurses, the "little ladies of the lamp." What an array they would make, all paraded to receive the patient!

The matron, severe in demeanour, perhaps, but with a heart of gold which a lifetime of experience has made to glow with unquenchable fires of sympathy with suffering humanity.

The assistant matron, the matron's adjutant, as it were; the sister tutor, who teaches the nurses the secrets of the sweetest of all woman's vocations; the home sister, who has charge of the nurses' domestic arrangements and provides for their comfort away from the wards.

Eighteen ward sisters, and a hundred and forty nurses. A grand parade! And there are twelve masseurs or

He's gone to HOSPITAL..

He may be a poor man when he's at home, but here he's a millionaire with all the resources of a mighty organisation at his service



masseuses, or electrical or sunray or bath attendants.

In the background, no doubt, would be the domestic staff. One sister housekeeper, two assistants, and sixty housemaids and wardmaids.

Costly upkeep

Underground, almost, would be a chief engineer, ten mechanics and stokers, and a carpenter.

Fifteen porters and three page-boys would about complete the establishment.

Has any millionaire any more wonderful resources to call upon when he wants to be helped back to health?

It costs something all this. More than a millionaire could afford, if he hoped to remain a millionaire.

The typical London hospital which could parade such a staff as we have enumerated to greet the reception of the poorest patient has 301 beds. There is something very comforting in the odd one over the round number, when it is the only one vacant.

Let us look at what one bed costs, each week, while our poor patient, become a millionaire through illness, occupies it.

Provisions, 12s. 10d. In provisions

are included bread, milk, butter, meat, fish, poultry, bacon, eggs, groceries, malt liquors, ice, etc.

Surgery and dispensary, 6s. 8d. This comprises drugs, dressings and bandages, instruments, wines and spirits, if prescribed, and so on.

Domestic, 14s. 4d. Under this heading come washing and cleaning, fuel and lighting, renewals and repairs of furniture, hardware, etc.

Other charges which the bed has to bear are salaries and wages, £1 4s. 1d.; miscellaneous, 1s. 9d.; establishment, buildings and plant, 4s. 10d.; and finance, including rates and taxes, 8s. 6d.; management, 5s.

The average cost of a bed in a London hospital is £4 a week. No ordinary wage-earner could afford such an expense in his own home.

The cost of provisions alone in the typical hospital described is £28,901 a year. The total cost of provisions in the 142 London voluntary hospitals which are included in King Edward's Hospital Fund for London is over £500,000 a year.

These are indeed figures for millionaires.

But it all costs the patient nothing. If he has nothing to give. Contributions from patients who can afford to pay a little for their treatment amount to no more than a third of the money expended on them.

Payments by the London County Council and other public authorities help to some extent, but the bald fact remains that of the £4 a week which every bed costs, the hospitals have to find about £2 a week in the charity of the public.

Enter now!

You can help them to do it! Turn to page 38, where you will find the entry forms for the *Daily Herald's* great "On to Prosperity" Hospital Contest.

Your sixpence might bring you wealth and happiness for the rest of your life, and, at the same time, it will help to relieve the great burden of expense our hospitals have to bear.

RIGHT INSIDE

THE INSIDE LEFT

WHAT is happening in the mind of the footballer as you watch him racing and swerving towards the opposing goal?

Has he time to think, and if so what does he think about? You'd be surprised!

Learn the truth in a splendid new sports feature, written by J. Murray Smith in collaboration with William Walker, captain of Aston Villa and idol of Birmingham, which appears in tomorrow's issue of the *Passing Show*.

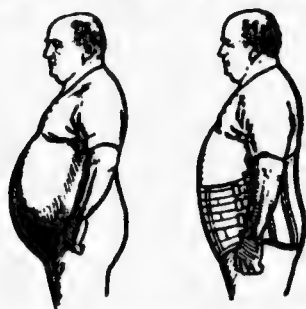
Together they share with you the thrill of big Soccer seen through a player's eyes.

No lover of thrills should fail to get this first-class issue, which is out tomorrow, Friday, February 10.

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Note from the illustration how broad the back is, giving the maximum of comfort and support. A common defect in belts for men is that the back is so narrow that it causes a strain on the back muscles, increasing discomfort instead of giving relief.

Men who do heavy work, and who suffer from back-ache or pains resulting from sacro-iliac strain, need the Spencer Sacro-iliac Belt.

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14 LISTS TO CHOOSE FROM
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NOTHING BARRED NOTHING STARRED

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THE wrong that most needs righting surely has to do with unemployment. Insurance, "doles" and charitable grants do not, after all, provide work for the workless.

I would right this wrong by pooling national, local and as many charities as possible to provide funds for financing the many municipal improvements long overdue.

There are villages without adequate water supplies, towns where electrical power is prohibitive, roads and bridges requiring renewing, to name but a few undertakings, for which this fund would provide.—Peter Lawton, Essex.

Tragic

The hospitals—what a wonderful work they are doing! Yet through lack of funds many of the extensions to the hospitals are unable to function.

Little children are compelled to attend as out-patients, their heads or limbs bandaged, and in the bitterest weather. If those extensions were open, they could remain in the shelter of the hospital until their wounds were healed and recovery made certain.

We must get the funds and so help to right this wrong.—W. R. Smart, Barnsbury, N.

Pit Sweating

One of the greatest scandals in this country is the low wages paid to the miner.

After six days' arduous and dangerous toil, the majority seldom gets more than £2, while hundreds do not receive 30s.

I pay £2 a ton for coal. The miner gets 1s. 6d. for hewing it!—E. H., Rhonessney.

Torn Apart

In Scotland hundreds of old couples are divorced against their will, decree absolute on the ground of—poverty!

Unable to support themselves—their children unable, ungrateful, or dead—the old folks must enter the poorhouse. And at the gate of almost every one they are parted—never again to be as husband and wife.

Poverty is not enough. Loneliness must be added to it.—T. S., Glasgow.

Dungeon Offices

The Factory Act should extend to offices and make it compulsory for clerical work to be done in hygienic rooms.

Clerks should not be expected to work in basements with no fresh air and no daylight, nor in offices where walls are never cleaned down or floors scrubbed. Heating to a reasonable temperature should also be enforced.

The welfare of a clerk is of as much value to the community as that of a factory worker, and the law should look after it when the employer will not.—Miss W., Manchester.

EXPERT SOCCER FORECASTS

Selections for February

FIRST DIVISION.

- (1) PORTSMOUTH v. Middlesbrough.
- (2) Chelsea v. ASTON VILLA.
- (3) W. B. ALBION v. Wednesday.
- (4) ARSENAL v. Blackpool.
- (5) Birmingham v. LEEDS.
- (6) HUDDERSFIELD v. Newcastle.
- (7) Leicester v. Bolton.
- (8) Liverpool v. EVERTON.
- (9) MANCHESTER C. v. Derby.
- (10) SHEFFIELD U. v. Wolves.
- (11) SUNDERLAND v. Blackburn.

SECOND DIVISION.

- (1) Burnley v. STOKE.
- (2) Oldham v. NOTSPUR.
- (3) BURY v. West Ham.
- (4) SOUTHAMPTON v. Fulham.
- (5) BRADFORD v. Charlton.
- (6) GRIMSBY v. Lincoln.
- (7) MILLWALL v. Chesterfield.
- (8) NOTTS COUNTY v. Swansea.
- (9) Plymouth v. Forest.
- (10) Port Vale v. BRADFORD C.
- (11) PRESTON v. Manchester U.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

- (1) Boscombe v. BRENTFORD.
- (2) SOUTHEND v. Watford.
- (3) Bristol R. v. NORWICH.
- (4) Swindon v. Coventry.
- (5) Aldershot v. READING.
- (6) BRIGHTON v. Northampton.
- (7) Orient v. Bristol City.
- (8) C. PALACE v. Gillingham.
- (9) Luton v. EXETER CITY.
- (10) Newport v. Torquay.
- (11) Q. P. RANGERS v. Cardiff.

NORTHERN SECTION.

- (1) CHESTER v. Barrow.
- (2) SOUTHPORT v. Hull.
- (3) WALSALL v. Wrexham.
- (4) ACCRINGTON v. York.
- (5) DARLINGTON v. Hartlepool.
- (6) Doncaster v. Barnsley.
- (7) GATESHEAD v. Tranmere.
- (8) MANSFIELD v. Rochdale.
- (9) N. Brighton v. Carlisle.
- (10) ROTHERHAM v. Crewe.
- (11) STOCKPORT v. Halifax.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

- (1) DUNDEE v. Morton.
- (2) MOTHERWELL v. Rangers.
- (3) Third Lanark v. ABERDEEN.
- (4) Airdrie v. St. Johnstone.
- (5) Ayr v. Hamilton.
- (6) CELTIC v. Hearts.
- (7) COWDENBEATH v. Clyde.
- (8) E. Stirling v. Kilmarnock.
- (9) PARTICK v. Falkirk.
- (10) ST. MIRREN v. Queen's Park.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the Daily Herald and Sporting Life each Friday morning. Division and number will be quoted as above, together with H for home and A for away team.
Example Code.—Div. I—4 (H); Div. II—10 (A); Southern Section—11 (H); Scottish League—10 (H) would indicate Arsenal, Bradford City, Queen's Park Rangers and St. Mirren.

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

THE WRONG I'd RIGHT



"The most cowardly of all sports"

"Sport"

"Tally ho!" The cry is taken up, and for miles the little brown fox is chased, tongue lolling, heart bursting, eyes staring, brave little legs beating a tattoo in its efforts to escape.

The torture is continued for hours until, through sheer exhaustion, the hunted animal gives up the unequal fight and awaits its ghastly fate.

Foxhunting, the most cowardly of all "sports," should be made a criminal offence.—W. J., Dumbarton.

Just Tax

Restore to the people their common inheritance, the land. My method would be to take taxes off industry and, instead, to collect the economic rent of land in the form of a gradually increasing tax on land-values.

The constant pressure of this tax would force more and more land into use at

cheaper and cheaper rates and would destroy poverty, unemployment and the manifold evils which spring from a denial of justice. Land monopoly turns the blessings of material progress into a curse. I would smash the land monopoly by this overdue reform.—O. Sweeney, Cheshire.

Bread and . . .

The average baker carries the loaves in an open basket slung over his shoulder, so that the bread rubs against his coat, gaining impurities at every step.

He handles the bread with hands that have started up his car and have opened many gates. Sometimes a loaf rolls in the street.

For the health of the community a loaf of bread should be wrapped in paper before it leaves the bakehouse.—M. H., Tunbridge Wells.

Brutal Tie

I have in mind a young couple, for two years happily married. Then came serious illness to the husband and business worries.

He began to suffer from delusion and finally made a murderous attack on his wife, and was removed to a criminal lunatic asylum.

His wife faces the future alone, although tied to the husband she will never live with again. Yet divorce is denied her. She cannot make a fresh start.

The divorce law should be altered to right such wrongs as this, because it punishes the innocent.—"Fairplay" Leyton.

No Wages—No Pension

It is a grave blot on the Church of England that there is no pension for the widows of the clergy.

There is some half-hearted talk of it, but, until it is a fact, she, who has worked as an unpaid curate in her husband's parish, attended to the hundred and one needs of her parson, children and home, given her youth and often her health for the Church she loves, has to face the unhappy prospect in her old age of eating the bitter bread of charity.—Vicar's Wife, Staffs.

British Alien

The law which stigmatises a woman married to a citizen of another country as an "alien" is an offence against common-sense and justice.

I live in my own country, have born children who are proud of their British citizenship, and I could not regard myself as being anything less than "British" in blood, outlook and loyalty.

Yet because I married a man who is a British as myself in everything but actual birthplace, I am without a country, without a vote, and without recognition other than that of a "State-less" woman.—C. W., Southall.

Cruel Choice

He left her with three children to fend for. The police cannot find him, and the authorities refuse the distracted woman relief as her husband is alive and she is able-bodied.

Her choice is to live in "sin" with a decent man or send her bairns to the Poor Law homes and seek a job herself. She chooses the latter. Meanwhile good man waits and a rotter escapes.

Is it not time that desertion of a wife for twelve months gave her the right to remarry, if she chooses?—Demos, Wootton Bassett.

Set free those sad little songsters that sit pathetically and helplessly behind the bars of cages, gazing wistfully on the sunny green world the other side.—Cadie, Pontypool.

Being a miner, it is my sorrow to see the ponies toiling daily, some having one eye, others almost blind, and even the best scarcely able to drag on in the pit.—W. Henderson, Leadgate.

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published; 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes, marked "Letter to Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, February 14.

My Lucky Mistake.



STORM and FLOOD

Havoc

WE are now in the season of severe storms, when no home is immune from the menace of gales and floods, when the protection of your household and personal belongings is more vital than ever. It is here that JOHN BULL's Great Free Insurance Gift still leads the way—is still the most practical and beneficial of all. JOHN BULL is the ONLY paper to pay Flood and Storm Benefits, just as it is the ONLY paper to cover readers against Fire.

Think of your home ravaged by fire, a prey to fierce winds, or rising waters—your most precious possessions irretrievably ruined. Think what a boon a cheque would be if sickness came or an accident deprived you of your weekly earnings. Have you registered? If not, sign the registration forms below!



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Post this Coupon to
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122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature

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Address

Name and Address

of Newsagent

Date

Use 1d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 1d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 11/2/33

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. VALUE **3d**

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW PEN OFFER

Cash the Coupons



Now remove stain, yellow.
WHITEN TEETH
3 shades in 3 days

If you think yellow, stained, unsightly-looking teeth are natural, start using Kolynos—a half-inch on a dry brush twice daily. In 3 days you'll see your mistake. Your teeth will look 3 shades whiter!

Kolynos—unlike any preparation you've ever used—contains two important ingredients that clean and whiten teeth remarkably. One—the finest cleansing agent known—erases stain and tartar, foams into every tiny fissure and washes away decay-causing debris—while the other ingredient kills the millions of germs that cause most tooth and gum troubles and helps to make teeth absolutely clean.

Thus Kolynos gently cleans teeth right down to the natural white enamel and soon makes them more attractive than ever. It refreshes the mouth and stimulates the gums. Buy a tube of Kolynos from your chemist to-day.

KOLYNOS

the antiseptic
DENTAL CREAM

MADE IN ENGLAND

FENNINGS'

They assist the lungs to throw off all irritating matter and to regain health and vigour.

A COPY OF FENNINGS' "EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK" AND OF "EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR" WILL BE SENT POST FREE ON APPLICATION TO:
ALFRED FENNINGS, Gower, I.W.

FOR
COUGHS . . .
COLDS . . .
LUNG BRONCHITIS

SOLD IN BOXES AT 1/3 & 3/-

HEALERS

£1,000 and 50 Souvenir Prizes Won in "John Bull" Crossword No. 198.

In the above competition, correct solutions were received from the following three competitors, who share the £100 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £266 13s. 4d. will be sent:—

M. Pendlebury, 188, Highfield Rd., Pendleton, Salford.
F. V. Rambottom, 28, The Croft, Blackburn.
F. J. Ross, 141, Matherley Gardens, East Ham, E.6.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, February 21st, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 47 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £2 2s. 7d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" office, and all have been notified.

In addition to the above cash awards, the winners sharing the First Prize and each of the 47 sharing the £100 for Runners-up will receive a £2 Souvenir Writing Set. CROSSWORD No. 196: The extra £100 offered in this contest has been divided between 12 entrants, and payments of £8 6s. 8d. are being despatched accordingly.

See Page 36 for "John Bull's" 200th Splendid Crossword offer. There is a First Prize of £5 a week for life and £1,000 cash, or a lump sum of £3,250, and increased prizes for Runners-up. Try your skill now!

GRAVES SEATS THE WORLD
FOR QUALITY AND VALUE.

Graves' "FLIGHT" Model is built with Dunlop Tyres, Dunlop Waterproof Saddle, Hans Renold Chain, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, all bright parts Chromium Plated, & full set of Accessories. Bargain Price Complete is £23 17/6. No charge for instalment terms. Delivered Carriage Paid for £12 with order & 16 monthly payments of 5/2. Lady's or Gent's same price. CATALOGUE of this & other models Post Free. J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

LUXURY COMFORT
AT A BARGAIN PRICE. There is no sense in paying good money for rubbish when you can have the finest quality at no greater expense. Quality goods are a real joy, and give pleasure all the time.

GRAVES' PROGRESS' BARGAIN SALE is the WORLD'S FINEST HOUSEHOLD VALUE

Two super quality White AS Wool Blankets, not a thread of cotton in them. Blue borders, whipped ends. Size 68 x 88 ins. Weight 11lbs pair.

Two White Fleecy Blankets, whipped ends. 66 x 80 ins. 4lbs pair.

Two Grey Belton Twill Hemmed Sheets 70 x 90 ins. 4lbs pair.

One coloured Fadedown Alhambra Hemmed Quilt Size 73 x 94 ins.

One Bleached Damask Table Cloth, 54 x 84 ins.

Two White Pillow Cases. Size 20 x 30 ins.

One pure White Bolster Case to match 20 x 30 ins.

IMPORTANT.—As extra advantage we include a 16-Piece Cutlery Service—4 Stainless Sheffield Steel Knives, 4 Dessert Forks, 4 Dessert Spoons, and 4 Tea Spoons. Will wear like silver, while all through the Complete Sale (including the 16 Piece Cutlery Service). Ready for immediate use—25/- Delivery Carriage Paid. Price 20/3

TERMS: 5/- with Order, and 5/- Monthly Payment. Approval. Catalogue Free. J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

5/4 NOW

CATARRH GONE

Barish Catarrh at once! A touch of "Nostroline" gives instant relief, clears head, stops nasal discharge, soothes soreness in nose. Pleasant, safe. Try it if Deaf, also for Head Noises and Stuffy Colds.

1/3 and 3/- all Chemists.

'NOSTROLINE'

Free Sample from "Nostroline" J.2A. Clifton, Bristol.

£5 A WEEK FOR LIFE ... AND ... **GIANT 2-IN-1 FIRST**

PENSION & FORTUNE

£200 DOUBLED PRIZE FOR RUNNERS-UP

£200 DOUBLED BONUS BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP FROM WHOM FOUR SIXPENNY ENTRIES ARE RECEIVED IN SAME ENVELOPE

HURRY UP FOR THIS RECORD 200th X-WORD
ENTER BY NOON THURS. FEB. 16

OR ONE LUMP SUM OF **£3,250**

TO-DAY comes your one last opportunity to win "John Bull's" Record 200th Crossword Prize of £5 a week for life and a fortune of £1,000 cash!

Since our big Crossword prizes have been won outright again and again and four entrants are already receiving a Pension cheque each Saturday, there is no reason why half an hour with the entertaining puzzle below should not bring you independence for life.

For this contest only, you are allowed to submit as many entries as you wish, extra entry forms being obtainable post free as directed below. This staggering 2-in-1 prize, however, can only be yours if your entry is in by noon Thursday, February 16th.

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENNY. Increase P.O. by 6d. for each additional two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /s/ Co.; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON Thursday, February 16th, 1933.

2.—Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Solution and Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 2nd, 1933. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, March 21st, 1933, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £200 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared, £3,250 share will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

CLUES ACROSS

- Comfortable.
- Sharp pulls.
- Describes merry party.
- Bordering plant with blue flower.
- Revoke.
- Aged.
- Injured are carried on these.
- Short for omnibus.
- Well-known Spanish wine.
- Ferocious Polar animal.
- It's made into puddings.
- Blemish.
- Becomes youth.
- Notions.
- A long way off.
- Pastrycook can supply.
- What dull speaker does.

CLUES DOWN

- Describes sheep's coat, when shearer's finished.
- Time most shops open.
- Big one tests the football stands.
- What good salesman fills.
- Used for conveying liquids.
- Employ.
- Too many drops from these are dangerous.
- Father.
- Champion dog gets many.
- Tragedy often does this.
- How cool they keep!
- People sometimes trip up over irregular ones.
- Go to court for payment.
- Had headache causes.
- Cereal used for whisky.
- Expresses opinion forcibly.
- Gloomy in colour.
- Stately homes have heavy ones.
- Love devotedly.
- Makes water soft.
- Often shows he's an old soldier.
- This has a crust.
- Used for cricket.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

"John Bull" will pay £5 a week for life and £1,000 for one lump sum of £3,250 (cash) for a correct solution on one square of this puzzle. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is nearest the correct solution. A doubled prize of £200 for Runners-up will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra £200 Doubled Bonus will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received four sixpenny entries in same envelope. Solution and winners of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, March 2nd, 1933.

MEAT FACTOR
ABSOLUTELY
TASTY
EASY TO
COOK
HEALTHY
AND
ECONOMY

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 199

Winners in 199 on page 35. Result of 199 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 199 is given

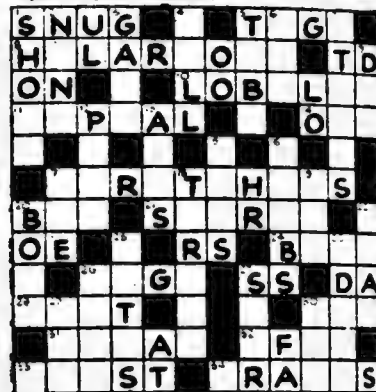
herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

If entering two or more Double Entry Forms cut them out separately—add name and address to each.

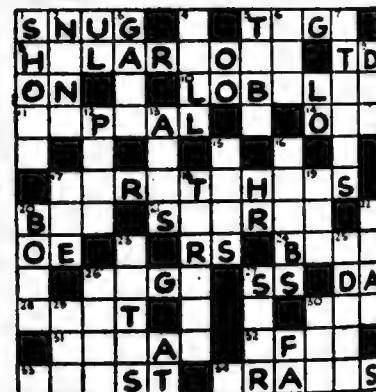
ENTRY FEE

With 2 squares send Postal Order for 6d. With 4 squares send P.O. for one shilling. Extra entries at same rate. See Rule 1.

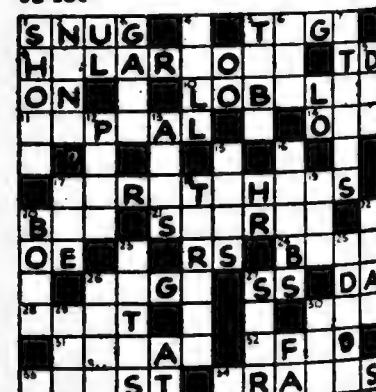
KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW. These miniature reproductions of this Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



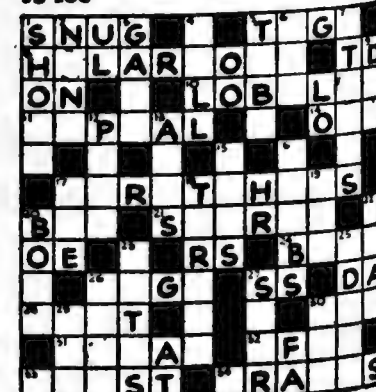
JB-200



JB-200



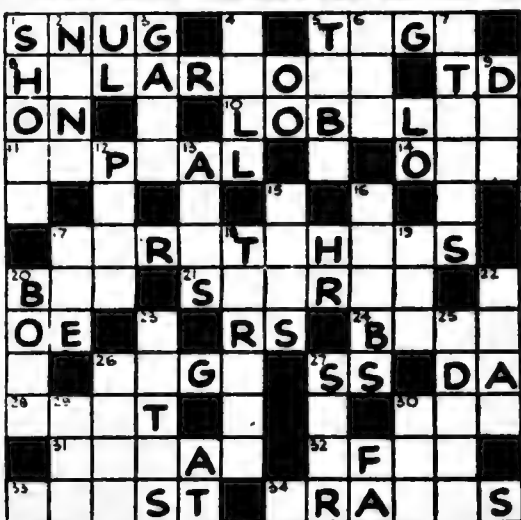
JB-200



JB-200

IMPORTANT CORRECTION. Recipients of latest providing extra entry-forms for Crossword No. 200 will note an error on second square of first entry-form. This form can be ignored—or entered with first letter of Clue No. 22 down written in margin.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 200—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, FEB. 16th, 1933.



JB-200

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and

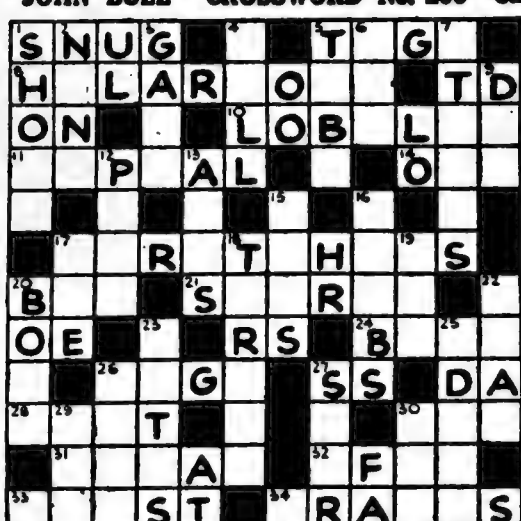
enclose P.O. value.....No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 2 Squares
6d.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 200—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, FEB. 16th, 1933.



JB-200

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and

enclose P.O. value.....No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 4 Squares
1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS

Post as early as possible.
ADDRESS ENTRY
"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD,
No. 200, 57, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2 (Comp).

EXTRA SQUARES POST FREE For Extra Squares send PENNY postcard to "John Bull" Crossword Dept., 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Stating number of sixpenny entry forms required, to arrive not later than Tuesday, February 14th.

HUGE CROSSWORD SURPRISE Next Week

The Editor



Business Man (Wood Green).—The aspiring salesman must get used to speedy travelling. Especially through the door.

LAUGHS LAST

F. B. E. (Dorking).—"What good does hiking do?" It helps the railways.

TOM S. (Kenton).—"I am coming to see you one Monday morning." It would be a Monday morning.

E. D. R. (Birmingham).—"My husband has electrified the house." Did he answer you back?

M. S. (Newark).—"My troublesome maid suddenly left me without any reason." And have you regained it yet?

G. R. (Sydenham).—"Many dirt-track riders nowadays are paid by results." On a sliding scale, no doubt.

G. S. (Kew).—"A man has returned to his wife after an absence of six years." Anyway, he has had time to think of a good excuse.

PRO. (St. Andrews).—"There are two million men trying to play golf every Saturday afternoon." Roughly speaking.

E. M. (South Shields).—"A man is judged by the company he keeps." A woman is judged by the company she leaves.

C. L. (Rugby).—"A man can't eat his cake and have it." And it often happens that he has his wife's cake and can't eat it.

F. G. (Carlisle).—"People who stammer are generally above the average in good looks." Stammerers have been trying to tell us this for years.

SENSIBLE (Hendon).—"Why do so many women smother their faces in make-up?" Probably they haven't the face to go without it.

W. A. (Edinburgh).—"A well-known scientist predicts that by 1950 it will be possible to see speech in the form of light." We suppose barges will wear smoked glasses.

MISS F. (Ely).—"An actress has written a book of reminiscences." She gets very annoyed in a library if she notices that the volume has been placed in the fiction section.

P. M. (Chatham).—"A firm of engineers claims to have assembled a bath-tub geyser in three minutes." A colleague of ours says he believes he has got it.

EXPLORER (Southampton).—"I am taking bagpipes, saxophones and a wireless set for the first time to a cannibal island in the Pacific next month." The natives will soon begin to realize what they haven't missed.

T. F. (Hurlingham).—"A hiker was recently fined for making a hole in an advertisement hoarding with a pen-knife." He probably just wanted to catch a glimpse of the country before he went home.

G. H. S. (Norwood).—"Some street-corner orators cannot make themselves heard above the noise of the traffic." It is far more irritating to think of the number who can make themselves heard quite easily.

Mrs. F. D. (Liverpool).—"A new enamel for woodwork is said to render washing unnecessary for months on end." We understand that quite a number of small boys desire to secure samples for their necks.

SCIENTIST (Glasgow).—"It is impossible to put out either the sun or the moon." On the other hand, all that is required to put a star out is to print her name in small letters at the foot of the bill.

H. T. (Pinner).—"My friend dislocated his jaw through yawning." How long had you been talking to him?

W. A. S. (Edinburgh).—"I've got the itch to write." But you're not quite up to "scratch."

F. G. (Putney).—"What would you call a modern miracle?" A good house to let at a reasonable rent.

W. A. S. (Exeter).—"I've learned to play the piano at last." The man next door will be pleased.

J. P. (Norbury).—"The cup is often won by a fluke goal." It is all a matter of pot luck.

H. C. (Bradford).—"How could I punish my boy if I find him smoking one of my gift cigars?" By making him smoke several more.

T. F. (Newbury).—"I have decided to finish with betting, and the next horse I back will be the last." Then why waste money on it?

DOCTOR (Cardiff).—"When two sufferers from lumbago meet, they immediately discuss their trouble." They indulge in a little back chat.

PHOTOGRAPHER (London, W.C.).—"I've recently had an M.P. sitting for me. I hope the photo will please him." It will, if you print it cabinet size.

G. D. M. (Mayfair).—"Millionaires aren't interested in money." Our small nephew isn't interested in pudding after he's had several helpings.

MAGISTRATE (Glasgow).—"Motor-cars are not improving our younger generation." But, then, the younger generation is not improving our motor-cars.

B. D. (Cirencester).—"Convicts in an American prison rioted while a concert was being given to them." Over here, convicts just grin and bear it.

F. S. (Clapham).—"I am walking to reduce." Expenses?

G. M. (Hove).—"I made a blunt speech." Pointless?

FRANK W. (Redruth).—"My wife partnered me in our last game of bridge." We hope your shins have healed up.

H. B. (Bodmin).—"My wife decided to have a very quiet wedding." But, no doubt, she has made up for it since.

A. S. (Swanage).—"I got a pair of boots for an old song." Did your audience throw them from an upper window?

A. C. (Littlehampton).—"I have been disappointed in love." Are you married or single?

P. M. (Esher).—"We must give the modern girl credit." Some tradesmen won't.

R. A. (Horley).—"Science can do practically everything in a modern house." Except

make a home of it.

DORA (Ely).—"He tried to teach me to dance on skates." But you finished by sitting it out?

MISS D. (South Shields).—"I suppose you get letters of praise and criticism from England, Ireland and Wales." Yes—and postcards from Scotland.

MEDICAL STUDENT (Edinburgh).—"I have invented a means by which patients will be cured in their sleep." How will you treat insomnia?

DOCTOR (Morecambe).—"The sound of long grass waving in the breeze is delightfully soothing." Unless the wife has sent you out to cut it.

FED-UP (Essex).—"The taxpayer is the one who pays the Government everything." Everything, that is, except compliments.

F. L. D. (Olney).—"I always keep the best part of my letter to the end." That was certainly what we considered the best part.

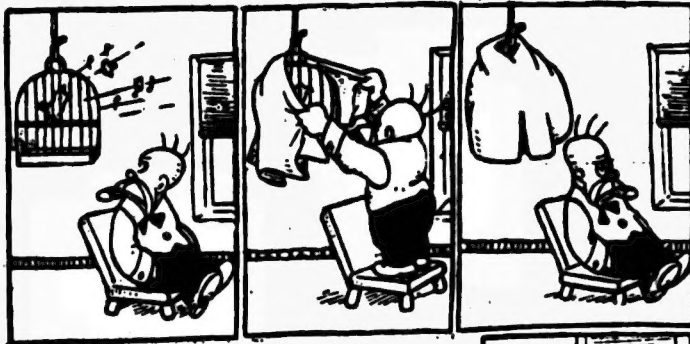
G. M. C. (Doncaster).—"Reading of people enjoying pleasure cruises is galling to me." Enjoy one yourself with this week's *Bulletin* £500 on page 39. And if you pull off one of the 30 Radio Sets instead, you can cruise round the Continent by wireless.

C. N. (Chester).—"I have had a tablecloth in regular use for forty years. Is this a record for wear?" It is certainly a record for a laundry.

TRAINER (Glasgow).—"Do you know of any creatures more nervous than racing greyhounds?" Yes; the poor, unfortunate creatures who back them.

D. L. (Torquay).—"Is it true that an English traveller recently found a young girl in a lonely Alpine village who could sing forty operatic pieces without a single mistake?" Yes, but he very wisely left the girl where he found her.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)



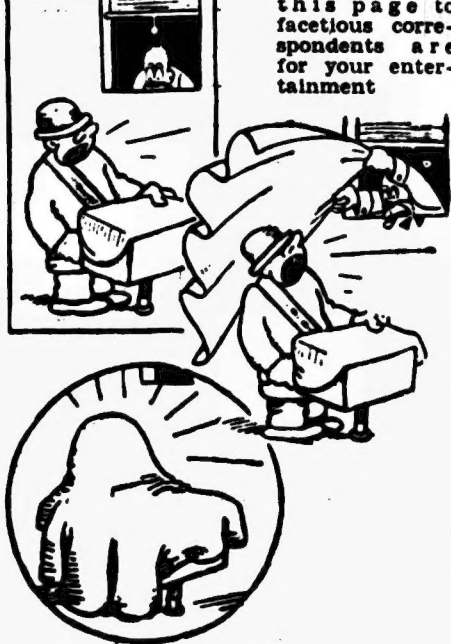
ADAMSON— Treatment as Before

F. V. (Burton).—"An alarm clock is wanted that will wake the maid but not the rest of the household." What is wanted first is an alarm clock that will wake the maid.

G. G. (Ivybridge).—"A crying contest for women was held at a bazaar recently." Some of the efforts were so realistic that many husbands absent-mindedly reached for their pocket-books.

H. F. (Peterborough).—"A geologist has unearthed some prehistoric skeletons almost twice as thin as any others discovered." Perhaps he has stumbled on the site of an ancient boarding-house.

G. M. (Liverpool).—"A Midlands town council have quashed a suggestion to have a 10,000-gallon artificial lake as they could not obtain sufficient water." They should have waited; the summer would have filled the thing for them.



Scientific Tests Of Face Powder



Highly magnified photograph of skin with coarse starch powder—easily blows off.

Same skin with Mousse of Cream Powder. Remarkably smooth and fine—stays on all day.

Science now reveals the striking difference in face powders. This woman powdered the right half of her face with her own brand of face powder, and the left half with a newly-discovered face powder formula containing Mousse of Cream. The magnified cross-sections under the microscope show the amazing difference. The powder on her right side is coarse and clogs the pores, spreading unevenly on the face—it will blow off easily. The powder containing Mousse of Cream is so fine and light that it spreads smoothly and evenly. The Mousse of Cream makes it so adherent that it will stay on all day. Mousse of Cream—the discovery of a famous French chemist—is blended with the finest air-floated powder in Poudre Tokalon. This is why Poudre Tokalon stays on in wind and rain, and in spite of perspiration. No more shiny noses. Poudre Tokalon gives a complexion of rare, fresh, youthful beauty which lasts all day long—and is obtainable in absolutely no other way. Only 1/- a box.

Have you sent for Ryder's NEW SEED BOOK YET

The Gardener's A.B.C.—126 pp. of information; includes Special Reduced Price Collections, Simple Competition, and 28 magnificent direct colour photographs of flowers, etc. Ryder's Seeds are the finest ever sold at 2d. a packet. Send for your copy of Ryder's 1933 Seed Book, free and post free, to Ryder & Son (1920) Ltd., Dept. 30, St. Albans.

Send for it today FREE POST FREE

To readers of "John Bull" who responded to the SHADFORTH Advt. in JAN. 28 issue.

A number of readers, we are informed by Mr. Shadforth, omitted to attach their name and address to the coupon which appeared in his advt. of the above date. Will any reader who failed to do so communicate immediately with the Shadforth Prescription Service Ltd. (Dept. J.B. 35), 49, King William Street, London, E.C.4.

GREAT DAILY HERALD 'ON-TO-PROSPERITY' CONTEST

£25,000

HELP THE HOSPITALS

SECOND PRIZE £250.
THIRD PRIZE £100.

The whole of the prize money is guaranteed by the "Daily Herald" and the whole of the profits will be distributed by The British Charities Association amongst Hospitals throughout the country.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

(1). Entry Form must be filled in as directed in ordinary ink and must not be mutilated or altered.

(2). Spaces for up to five entries have been provided on each form, and the subscription for the competition is sixpence per entry. Postage stamps cannot be accepted in payment of the entry money. Entries may only be made on printed forms provided.

(3). In the case of a competitor sending in insufficient money to cover all the entries made by him, the Association will treat such number of his entries as would be covered by the entry money received as proper entries in the Competition, the remaining entries being disqualified. The entries eligible to be selected will be from Number 1 upwards to the total of the entry fee paid.

(4). Entrants must write their name and usual address on each Entry Form and all completed Entry Forms must be neatly cut out and sent by the competitor to Dept. J.B., THE BRITISH CHARITIES ASSOC., 103, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

(5). After the close of the Competition the list of 25 slogans will be submitted to a Committee of Experts who will decide the best Twelve. The competitor whose twelve slogans, in any one entry column, agree or most nearly agree with the decision of this Committee will as stated in rule 6 be awarded the first prize, the next nearest will receive the second prize, and so on. The entries will be checked under the supervision of

Messrs. Hugh Macrae and Co., Chartered Accountants, London.

(6). In the event of a tie or ties, the prizes so affected will be combined and divided. If the first prize of £25,000 is divided the additional award of £5,000 will also be divided, and only such shares of the additional £5,000 paid to the prize-winners as are won by registered readers of the "Daily Herald." No entrant can win more than one prize or one share of any prize.

(7). The British Charities Association reserves the right to disqualify any entrant for reasons which its Council considers good and sufficient and the decision of the Council of the Association upon any point whatsoever shall be accepted as final and legally binding. The Association takes no responsibility for any entry form lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

(8). Employees of The British Charities Association, the "Daily Herald," and its associated Companies and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

(9). The closing date for the receipt of entries will be advertised in the papers used for advertising the Competition, but competitors are requested to send in their entries as early as possible. The names of the prize-winners will be published in the "Daily Herald" on a day to be announced and every prize-winner will be individually notified.

(10). Failure to comply with any of the rules involves disqualification.

SEND IN YOUR ENTRIES EARLY ON THE FORM BELOW.

GREAT "DAILY HERALD" "ON-TO-PROSPERITY" CONTEST TO HELP THE HOSPITALS
FIRST PRIZE £25,000
SECOND PRIZE £250
THIRD PRIZE £100
£25,000 must be won if winner is a registered reader of the "Daily Herald"—if the winner is not a registered reader the First Prize will be £20,000.

Choose the best twelve of the 25 Slogans by placing a X against those selected in the blank spaces provided below. Each column represents one sixpenny entry. INSERT TWELVE CROSSES ONLY IN EACH COLUMN YOU COMPLETE—OR YOU WILL BE DISQUALIFIED. No order of merit required. Ink must be used.

Help the Hospitals!	One Entry 6d.	Two Entries 1/6	Three Entries 1/6	Four Entries 2/6	Five Entries 2/6
1 Buy more—and help more to buy more.					
2 Kauchle to—don't hauchle under.					
3 Never mind the business outlook—look out for business.					
4 Use idle money and employ the idle many.					
5 The air of confidence is the finest trade wind.					
6 Will good—and goodwill will follow.					
7 A peace policy is the world's life insurance.					
8 Spend for Prosperity—don't hoard for posterity.					
9 Optimism pays you—pessimism makes you pay.					
10 Help the Hospitals—national health means national wealth.					
11 The tide turns at low water as well as high.					
12 If more work for better times—there'll be more work for all.					
13 Prosperity—will it come? Yes, "will" it.					
14 More spending, more working—more working, more spending.					
15 Kill War debts—revive the world.					
16 Spend wisely now and you'll get a good "deal."					
17 Come down from the clouds and help to lift them!					
18 Pay well—it will pay you!					
19 Let's put Prosperity "on the map" of Brit'n.					
20 The highway to Prosperity is through every tradesman's door.					
21 Don't wait for Better Times—work for them.					
22 Create confidence by having it.					
23 Trying times are times to try.					
24 Good-bye, gloom—come on, boom!					
25 Determination will bring Prosperity AT last—TO last!					
26 Spenders make money go round—circulation means Prosperity.					
27 Get back by pushing forward.					
28 It'll be a good job for everyone if you find a job for someone.					

You can use this form for one or more entries, but must send entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each attempt.
I agree to abide by the Rules and enclose
P.O. Number.....value.....covering.....entries
P.O. is crossed/ & Co./ and is made payable to The British Charities Association.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
(Block Letters)
(Please write clearly in ink. Please see that your envelope is sufficiently stamped.)
Cut Along Here

Address Your Entry: (Dept. J.B.4), British Charities Association, 103, Kingsway, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Telegram brings 10 YEARS' WAGES

Factory Worker's Friday Thrill

TO readers who have yet to discover the benefits of entering for *Bullets*, Friday is—well, just Friday!

But to the keen "Bulleter" almost every Friday in the year is a day of wonderful possibilities. At any moment after noon a telegram may arrive from JOHN BULL, bringing a thrilling message of a First Prize cheque to follow.

Now Mr. George Baikie, employed at the famous Carron Engineering Works and living with relations at 425, Cullen Terrace, Falkirk, is a keen "Bulleter." But his thoughts were far from *Bullets* as he walked slowly home one bitter recent Friday afternoon.

Death, unemployment and illness in the house where he lived had all helped to depress him and take his mind off his favourite hobby of *Bullets*.

Then, suddenly, he heard a shout. His step-brother was hurrying to meet him, waving a telegram. "George," he was shouting, "you've won fifteen—"

"Fifteen pounds?" guessed Mr. Baikie.

"Read it!" said his relative. That was how the news of a £1,500 success came to the quiet bachelor of 38 who, thinking of his little nephew, made up the simple but telling *Bullet* which secured First Prize in Competition No. 878, FOR SONNY'S SAKE—I TIP-TOE—I TRAMP.

For four years Mr. Baikie has been plodding away at his entries for *Bullets*, often until far into the night. There has not been much money coming into the little tenement flat and our competition has provided him with the cheap amusement he needed.



Mr. Baikie with his £1,500 inspiration—a little nephew!

Had Mr. Baikie been a man who is easily discouraged by failures, he would have given up *Bullets* long ago. In the past no bigger prize than a Christmas Cake has arrived from Long Acre.

But "Targets" have come along constantly, reminding him that success was well within his reach. And it was upon a blue "Target" Prize coupon that Mr. Baikie entered the *Bullet* which has banished his blues for good by bringing him ten years' pay for fitting a few words together.

No help of any kind has Mr. Baikie had with his entries, not even the assistance of *Bullets Bulletin*. He has just relied on his own common-sense—and a careful study of winning *Bullets* in these columns has done the rest.

Who will be the "Bulleter" to follow him to the top of the prize-list this week and receive a thrilling telegram on Friday, March 3? And to whom shall we dispatch this week's 30 big prizes of cash and radio sets?

The coupons on the opposite page await your answer.

100 BIG CHEQUES AWARDED THIS WEEK.

FIRST PRIZE OF £300 COMPETITION NO. 879.

Mr. W. LEADBETTER, 4, Ravenscourt Gardens, Hammersmith, W.

Example:—WORTH TRYING

Bullet:—"FIFTY-FIFTY" FOR "THIRTY-THREE."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. J. SCURFIELD, 77, Spout Lane, Washington Village, Co. Durham.

Example:—What She's Told
Bullet:—Makes Other's Aches Mother's.

THIRD PRIZE OF £40:

Mr. R. HAYNES, Manor Lodge, Lillingstone Lovell, Buckingham.

Example:—Worth Trying
Bullet:—Anything—Everything's Anyhow, Anyway!

OTHER PRIZES:

£30: A. S. LEA, 49, Hillside Road, Erdington, Birmingham.
Like His Dad—Nobody—Later, "Dad's Nobody!"

£25: L. R. CLARK, 24, Pamela Road, Pinhoe Road, Exeter.
Sword Of Damocles—Might Drop—Drop Might!

£24: E. H. ROSSER, 124, Broadway, Treforest, Glam.
To The Point—Application—Man To Ap-point.

£23: S. WILLIAMS, 40, Marden Road, West Croydon.
His Wealth—Biggest Worry Since—Poverty!

£22: A. G. CLAPP, 36, Cedars Road, Exeter.
Rich Man's Luxury—Servants—Poor Man's, Boss.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

£21: F. G. BAKENDALE, 20, Mordaunt Road, Haresden, N.W.
Wondering Which—Lever, Novice—Hedge, Passenger!

£20: Mrs. W. BROOMHEAD, Reams Cott., Hillam, South Milford.
Full Of Gratitude—Unemployed, Offered "Thankless Tasks."

£19: Mrs. J. HALL, Gordon Bank, Greenlaw.
Chance To Escape—Make Sunday, Not Prison.

£18: T. W. ADKINS, 59, St. Luke's Road, Coventry.
Playing Second Fiddle—Henpeck—Looks Like Concertina.

£17: E. T. SAGE, 576, Woolwich Road, London, S.E.
When The Tide Turns—"Upper House." Politician's Refuge.

£16: R. A. WALLIS, 5, Dean's Way, Edgware.
His Wealth—"Harvest" Scorned By "Reaper."
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

£15: Mrs. A. TURNER, Devonshire Place, Cartmel, Lancs.
Our Descendants—Won't Admire Our "Patch-work."

£14: A. C. MITCHELL, 2, Cleland Road, Chalfont St. Peter.
Sword Of Damocles—For England, Rusty Pitchfork.

£13: Miss O. KIRBY, 18, Tanhouse Street, Ravensthorpe, Dewsbury.
Put Aside—Pilot, Till "Outward Bound."

£12: A. McDERMOTT, 86, Frithville Gardens, London, W.
To The Point—Demanded Revolution—Sent Spinning!
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

£11: W. WADDELL, 59, Friarscourt, Knightswood, Glasgow.
Wondering Which—Whilst Hubby "Cured Lot."

£10: C. C. HARRISON, 1, Chapel Row, Leeds.
Cupid Stepped In And—Curtains Also "Drawn Together."

A list of 30 £5, 50 £3 and 500 2 6 winners can be seen at these offices.

Each of the 100 winners of big cheques in this contest have also received a book of "Bullets" season tickets.

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

ALL RECORDS BROKEN THIS WEEK

3rd SECOND HUGE OFFER

RADIO MONTH

STILL BIGGER First Prize

TEN GUINEAS

IS THE PRICE OF THE LUXURIOUS SCREENED GRID RECEIVERS WHICH ARE GIVEN AWAY WITH CASH PRIZES OF £1, £2-10 AND £5 THIS WEEK. NO ELECTRIC MANS REQUIRED. HIGH BULLETS RADIO BEING SPECIALLY SUPPLIED WITH NECESSARY BATTERIES.

30 SATURDAY 3-VALVE RADIO SETS

ONE GIVEN AWAY THIS WEEK TO EACH WINNER OF £1, £2-10 AND £5

33 BIG PRIZES IN HUGE RADIO OFFER!

FOR the second huge offer of *Bullets* Radio Month, the First Prize has been increased to the fine sum of £200, followed by cheques for £50 and £25. And all winners of £5, £2 10s. or £1, of which there will be thirty in all will receive in addition a magnificent "Six-Sixty" three-valve Radio Set value £10 10s.

To make a *Bullet*, you have only to add any TWO, THREE or FOUR words to one of the Examples, seeing that your added words link up neatly with the Example chosen and express your meaning clearly.

Suppose, for instance, you select the Example NATIONAL JOKE, the added words Graving Britain "LAUGH," TAXPAYER, would complete a *Bullet*.

Now get busy on your efforts—and make sure your entry is in by Saturday, February 18, if you want to be amongst this week's 33 big winners.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

NATIONAL JOKE
THUNDER OF APPLAUSE
DEAR LITTLE SHAMROCK
VOICE THAT'S CALLING
TO KEEP THINGS GOING
BACK THEY GAVE AND
IF WE COULD
FOR NOTHING
TO PAY OUR DUES
JOB FOR A BRITON
SERVES HIM RIGHT
LANGUAGE OF LOVE
SLEEPING BEAUTY
IN WONDERLAND
ALL IN
DAMNING THE
CONSEQUENCES

BORN FOOL
EVERY YEAR
IGNORED
THE AIR
PLAYING PRANKS
GOOD AS A FEAST
HER BIRTHDAY
GONE FOR EVER
"FOR SALE"
SCANDALOUS
UNIVERSAL
HORRIFIED
POOR PLAYER
UPSET HER
DAY BY DAY
WHAT'S WRONG WITH
RADIO?

The original cheque for £1,500 awarded to the First-prize winner in Competition No. 878 will be displayed in the window of Mr. A. Akken, 81, Carron Road, Falkirk.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 882 usually purchase "John Bull."

BIG NEW COUPONS THIS WEEK!

THIS COUPON BRINGS FREE "BULLETS" HELP!

Hundreds of prize-winners owe their success entirely to the free weekly aid of *Bullets Bulletin*, a budget of hints and encouragement for would-be winners which can be yours by post every Thursday. Post off this coupon to-day!

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed " & Co" payable to John Bull) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin* commencing with next available issue.

Name: _____

Address: _____

Post to "Bullets" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C. Do not enclose this coupon with "Bullets"

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(882) P.O. No. _____
Closing SAT. Feb. 18
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(882) P.O. No. _____
Closing SAT. Feb. 18
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(882) P.O. No. _____
Closing SAT. Feb. 18
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____
Address _____

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(882) P.O. No. _____
Closing SAT. Feb. 18
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____
Address _____

BIG NEW HELP FOR "BULLETEERS"

We are now providing not only big new coupons, but the valuable space below for making those jottings which may develop into a First Prize *Bullet*.

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 882 "John Bull" Long Acre London W.C.2 (Comp.)

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to John Bull and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of Entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

THIS WEEK'S BURNING QUESTION

HOW MANY RADIO SETS NEXT WEEK?

AND WHAT WILL THE 1ST PRIZE BE?

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion.

Beautiful and Talented Women's Evidence that it CREATES BEAUTY AND PRESERVES BEAUTY

Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils.

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/8 per lb., and which is used in "Zee-Kol" Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL

costs 4d. per lb.

ALMOND OIL

costs 5/8 per lb.

It is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a Soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price, 6d., instead of 1s. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, Almond Oil has been chosen for this Zee-Kol super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing, the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful.



MADAM DU BARRY.

Du Barry was the mistress of Louis XVth. She was noted for her beautiful complexion and vitality. She was only a seamstress when Count du Barry fell in love with her, and he afterwards got her to beguile Louis XVth,

usurping the position of La Potiphar. Her glorious complexion which bewitched the King—was made beautiful with similar materials to those which are used in Zee-Kol Soap to-day. Du Barry was guillotined during the French Revolution.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6^D

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., Ltd. (Dept. S14)
40, Blenheim Rd., Upper Holloway, N.19

NO SOAP SHAVEX NO BRUSH

REVOLUTION IN SHAVING

FEW years ago "SHAVEX" was unknown, yet it is in every part of the world to-day. Millions are now using "SHAVEX". "SHAVEX" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving. What is more simple than wetting the beard with water, smearing a little "SHAVEX" lightly over the beard and then shaving? You will get the smoothest, cleanest and best shave you have ever had and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear, as "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food. It will also take only a quarter of the time required with soap and brush.

The skin after being shaved with soap and brush often looks and feels sore, as the soap and brush have taken out all the natural oil and dried up the skin. "SHAVEX" gives the skin natural oils. All the creases smooth out with the use of "SHAVEX". Shavex is without doubt the most perfect method of shaving in the world. Shavex will give you the best shave you have ever had. Your face will keep young, as Shavex is a skin food. All wrinkles disappear with Shavex, as there is no soda in Shavex to dry up the skin. Your skin will feel as smooth as satin, and you will shave in a quarter the time that you would take with soap and brush.

SHAVEX

is sold everywhere in
6d., 1/- & 1/6 Tubes
and 1/6 Pots.

Wonderful Reduction

SHAVEX SUPER BLADES

of all Chemists and Stores
ONE BLADE 3d. initial of 4d.
Packet of 5 Blades 1/3.

Never before has shaving been made so easy, so rapid and so pleasant. No after lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful looks. "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic, and Skin Preserver, preventing formations of wrinkles and lines, and keeping away the ravages of time. Travellers who, when on a journey, find themselves short of water, can always get a perfect shave when carrying "SHAVEX", and look fresh. After being in sun and wind and the face is rough and sore and you have to shave, nothing is more soothing than a "SHAVEX" shave.



Julius Caesar was the greatest general that ever lived—his remark in the Roman Forum was, "I came, I saw, I conquered whatever country I attacked." He brought with him marvellous civilization. Julius Caesar shaved even in those days—84 years B.C.—with oils that are used in Shavex to-day. They were vegetable oils, and this can be proved by books at the British Museum. Julius Caesar, with his great knowledge as a writer, a great

general, and a great orator, found this method of shaving perfect in those days. He was murdered when he was 56 years old, but looked extraordinarily young by this way of shaving. Eastern sun or Northern winds did not affect his skin, which was preserved with these oils. Cicero's description of Julius Caesar was: He was elegant, tall, clear skinned, well made, full faced, dark eyes, and he shaved with the greatest ease with vegetable oils.

WONDERFUL OFFER

WE want you to try SHAVEX under ideal conditions and offer you for 6d. post free a SHAVEX OUTFIT consisting of TEN DAYS' supply of SHAVEX, OUR NEW PATENT RAZOR, ONE SHAVEX Blade, the Best on the market. DON'T MISS THIS OFFER. Write to-day to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. S15), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

SKIN DISEASES

Cured in a Night
WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.



ECZEMA.

"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."



VARIKOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.

"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Legs. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."



ABSCESSSES.

Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.



ERYSIPELAS.

This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

Many may promise a wonderful cure, but there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of imitations. Zee-Kol is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying the big London Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin trouble will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Haemorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

ZEE-KOL

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd., (Dept. Z.K. 19), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19. Of all chemists: Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3 or a large tin 5/-.



BURNS.

Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.



BOILS, ETC.

Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol, and in two days they disappear.



PIMPLES & BLACKHEADS. "I always had Blackheads and Pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."



LUMBAGO.

STIFF JOINTS, ETC. Splendid for Stiff Joints rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

DOGE CREAM

THE NEW MARVELLOUS

COMPLEXION RESTORER.

HOWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin, and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market.

It is the most remarkable and the most perfect cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil, and it does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles, and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe.

We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Doge Cream. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Send for a sample and see its marvellous results.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream, and does not dry up the skin, it keeps the skin supple, firm, and youthful.

When thinking of other face creams remember that Doge Cream is not like any of these. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used.



Josephine was a beautiful creature. She married Count Bonaparte who was guillotined during the French Revolution, and Josephine only escaped by a miracle. Amongst the names of those to be guillotined which came through to the Tribunal was one, Josephine, but a sympathiser, who was in control of some of these names, changed up the signature of Josephine, and thus saved her life. She married Napoleon Bonaparte while he was still poor, realising that he would be able to do great things only one thought of Napoleon.

ALMOND OIL IS USED IN DOGE CREAM

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY!

For Free Sample Tube of DOGE CREAM cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send with 2d. stamp to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. D.C.), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

Per Pot - 1/-;
Large Pot - 2/-;
Large Tube - 8d.;
Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.